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TRB

from Washington

We Can Do It!

America passionately wants two things in Vietnam. Not to admit defeat. To get out. Reconciling these contradictory things requires a great national effort at make-believe, but we think we are capable of it. After all, we are willing to pretend that our man Thieu is a unifying liberal leader (he jailed the runner-up in the 1967 election, has scores of noncommunist political prisoners, and has just closed down the *Saigon Daily News* ("the thirty-second newspaper ban" as Reuters puts it, "since censorship was officially abolished a year ago"). This is a really fascinating dilemma and requires political art of the highest quality: to portray every retreating step as a triumph of dash and boldness! We do not speak idly; we think this is the way it will be and we believe the appropriate buttons have been pushed. What startles us is the freedom and frankness with which some of those in authority are beginning to speak—off the record, of course.

America's last bout of imperialism was in the McKinley-TR era. It was Asiatic Flu then, too – the Philippines (with Latin American side effects). The difference between then and now was that then we conquered; it was easy. Today the prognosis is for a long, wracking convalescence. Did they or did they not – those fine young men – die in vain? It will be a long, sullen, bitter affair.

We have mentioned buttons that have been pushed. Everyone knows now that when General Westmoreland came back asking for 200,000 more men LBJ tactfully promoted him upstairs. That was when the fever broke. It came too late, of course, to save Mr. Johnson. (Now we are actually withdrawing 25,000, and former Defense Secretary Clark Clifford, symbolizing the general shift in mood, says we should withdraw 100,000 this year and all combat troops by the end of 1970.)

A second instance: if you read your paper carefully you may have noted a semi-official acknowledgment that ending the bombing has actually *lowered* North Vietnamese morale. Yes, this is White House doctrine today. Only a couple of years ago if this column had suggested that the bombing was a bad thing, that it was defeating its purpose and bolstering Hanoi morale rather than reducing it, J. Edgar Hoover would have tapped our wires, and General Hershey would have tried to ship us off to the front.

Conventional wisdom is shifting fast here. We fear some of our hawk friends are going to miss the boat. High officials are beginning to mention Vietnam as a "civil war" (though, of course, they say a civil war manipulated by outside powers). Again, reporters are being advised that in spite of so-called elections, there is probably not really going to be freedom-of-choice democracy in Vietnam for a long time.

Again, in words that are carefully guarded, but that are beginning to get in print, the notion is being conveyed that the US will settle for a face-saving agreement that will keep the Commies out for maybe three to five years (that's usually the figure given). After that time it will not be our (US) responsibility any more.

Still another thought being delicately conveyed over various Washington grapevines is that the Nixon Administration, which prides itself on its cool realism, is fully aware that events have shifted and that the wind has changed for three top Vietnam advisers, General Wheeler, Cabot Lodge and Ambassador Bunker. Are they capable of shifting with it? Why, of course! is the ready answer. They are as aware as anybody that Mr. Nixon's reliance on these hardliners was necessary at first, to heal the breach left between Johnson and Thieu. (Thieu's obduracy about coming to the Paris peace talks may have defeated Hubert Humphrey.) But now things are different. It's a new game, it is explained.

Weighing all this, and the continuing US casualties (up again last week to 335), and the high value that Mr. Nixon places on his own political skin, we confess that we think President Thieu (and Ambassador Bunker for that matter) have some reason to feel a slight shiver now and then, as America plays its extraordinary game of self-hypnosis and extrication.

Pushing out views in Washington is a delicate and subtle business. You may not have caught up with the concept that Hanoi doesn't want US troops to leave. Yes, that's what we said; that under certain circumstances Hanoi wants us to stay on. You laugh, eh? Very well, then, here is well-informed Max Frankel writing in the *NY Times* (June 15), "Thus far, the President is using the threat of unilateral pullback to force the negotiating pace." Frankel writes soberly of using plans to withdraw as a "warning" to Hanoi. Simultaneously, *Newsweek* (June 23) says Mr. Nixon's "civilian advisers" have assured him that "Hanoi would rather strike a bargain with Washington" than gamble on the possibility that "the US may disengage politically from South Vietnam."

We can vouch for the authority of this speculation even though its logic is too subtle for us. It seems a fantastic will-of-the-wisp of hope. But as we say, these are strange times. The thing to do is close your eyes and believe.

Whodunnit?

In 1964 J. Edgar Hoover told a press conference that Martin Luther King, Jr., was "the most notorious liar in the country" – an odd remark by a cop about a Nobel prize winner. Now it turns out that Hoover tapped King's wires for years. When columnist Carl Rowan suggested that Hoover acted on his own, the FBI, quick with its epithets as it is on the draw, called him "scurrilous." For the first time it is revealed (or at any rate claimed) that Bobby Kennedy authorized the tap. Simultaneously the Justice Department, in a court test, asserts a right to eavesdrop, without court approval, on those who "attack" the government "by unlawful means." The public ought to know what is happening here, and Congress should find out.

Note: The national boycott of West Coast table grapes has cut sales 6.5 percent under 1966, but simultaneously the Defense Department has taken up the slack by more than doubling purchases and sending them off to Vietnam. Meet Joe Pentagon, Strikebreaker.

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Resurgence Of Reaction?

Scared? Why not? The police state may be knocking on your door. It's been a three-alarm month. First Los Angeles, then Minneapolis, now New York. Each of these cities in upset elections rejected respectably liberal candidates in favor of men who brayed about law and order, withholding meanwhile any information on how that blessed state might be brought about. A minor note was added by Denver, which several weeks ago changed its school board. The issue was straight black and white; the segregationists (they did not call themselves that) won easily; as a consequence a busing arrangement for one high school has been scrapped. The results in each instance may do enormous symbolic damage, if they are read by politicians as signifying an irreversible trend away from a realistic confrontation of our social problems and toward repression. Some fear they portend a resurgence of reaction that will spill over into 1970, when, Senator George McGovern reminds us, more than half of the liberals in the United States Senate are up for reelection.

The New York primary was indicative but not decisive. Mayor Lindsay, defeated for the Republican nomination (by 5,000 votes) could still make it. The Republicans, a minority in the city, turned him down for a nondescript conservative who has almost no chance of being elected. Lindsay will run in the general election on two tickets – Liberal and a New Urban party. The Democratic candidate (the worst of five contenders), Mario A. Procaccino, had nothing to offer the voters but a repeated declaration that streets should be safe. On that appeal, he got approximately 30 percent of the Democratic vote, which was enough. A larger turnout in the next round, plus the marked contrast between Lindsay's liberal record and his two opponents' lack of one may carry the Mayor to victory.

No such fortunate prospect is open to Los Angeles, which takes the prize for the most depressing political performance of the month. Its voters foreclosed any chance of modern government for the next four years by giving the sinister and unscrupulous Sam Yorty another term, rejecting an appealing and intelligent black candidate. What Yorty (and Procaccino) had going for him was not only protracted student agitation, but the fear of more and more families of being robbed, mugged, raped, shot. (Noel Epstein in *The Wall Street Journal* reports a new housing subdivision eight miles from the nation's

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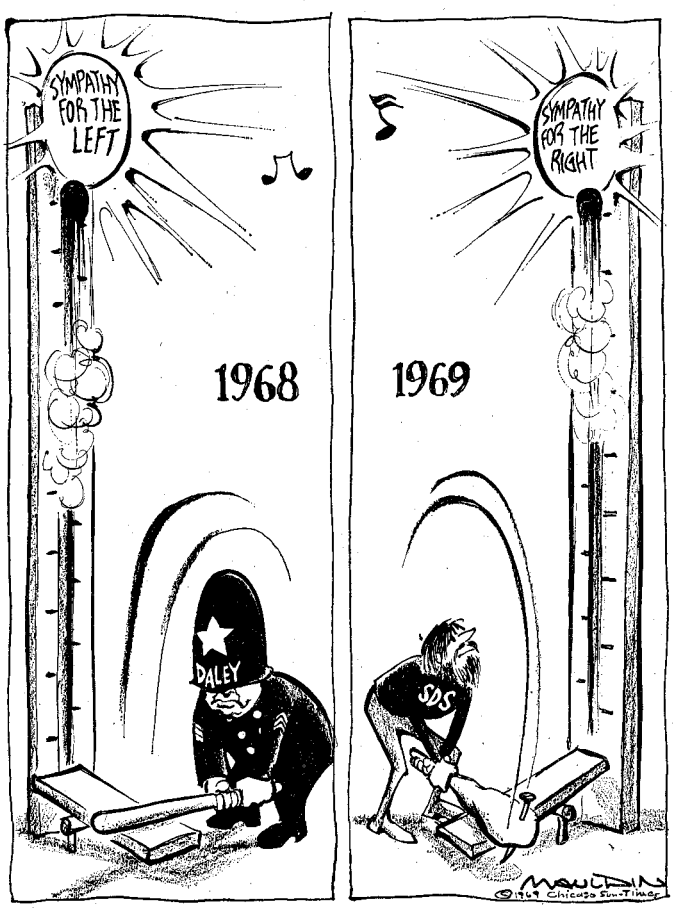
capital, which will have "armed guards standing watch night and day over a fenced-in compound. Hidden electronic sensors to foil intruders. Tight identity checks of all who seek to enter.") They are in no mood to think about cause and effect; they do not require candidates to explain how violence is to be curtailed; tough promises that it will be done suffice. John Lindsay is far too sophisticated and honest to let it go at that. That was his handicap – and his merit.

The less publicized story of Minneapolis is equally instructive. Arthur Naftalin, the retiring mayor, had a progressive and scandal-free administration. Its congressman, Don Fraser, has spotless credentials and has cast politically hazardous votes opposing increased military spending and repressive anti-crime measures. Its young people, a week before New Hampshire, engineered Eugene McCarthy's victories in the precinct and ward caucuses. Those who took pride in the city's reputation as a center of enlightenment, reacted, therefore, with understandable consternation when a police detective, Charles Stenvig, running on a blatant get-tough platform led the field. Independent Stenvig's cure for welfare dilemmas is to "eliminate chiselers." On human rights, he advocates "the Golden Rule."

The term "white backlash" does not fully describe what happened. While reaction against minorities undoubtedly figured in the campaign, as in Los Angeles and New York, Minneapolis is more than 95 percent white, and racial tensions do not rival those of the other cities. A black moderate named Harry Davis out-polled Stenvig in the primary as a candidate for the school board. The disturbances of 1966 and 1967 did not return last summer, and when a group of about 70 black students occupied the University of Minnesota administration building, President Malcolm Moos negotiated his way out of the crisis in less than 24 hours. The vote was less anti-black than anti-militant. The tendency of political leaders to condone the hyperbole of student and ghetto extremists gave strength to Stenvig's candidacy. When students were allowed to march downtown in defiance of a city statute, Stenvig's promise "to take the handcuffs off the police officers and allow them to do the job they were hired to do" seemed attractive. The picture of black Cornell students brandishing guns "skimmed off a few thousand votes to Stenvig," according to Gerard Hegstrom, the defeated Democratic-Farmer-Labor candidate: "We didn't give the aura of toughness people looked for."



Ding-a-lings

The aura carries a message. The settled comforts and convictions of a large number of liberals, many of them in the professional class, are being shaken, but there are conclusions to be drawn other than that civilized society is collapsing, or that, in Mussolini's words, "the masses are asses." One conclusion is that liberal disavowal of violence must be made more emphatic. And it can be made emphatic without compromising devotion to due process, civil liberties, black advancement or educational reform. The results of recent elections may also spur liberals to find new ways of communicating with those models of charisma, the Working Class whites. As Julian Bond suggested on a visit to Minneapolis recently, it's better to learn why people voted for Wallace (and Stenvig) than to call these people "useless."

The terrifying simplifiers get the floor today, and may hold it for a time. But given power, they only feed the fire they promise to put out. That is because men like Yorty, Stenvig, Marchi and Procaccino are only mildly interested, if they are interested at all, in "why" questions (why students are scornful of our institutions, why the blacks are so abrasively demanding). And when they do wonder why, they, more often than not, come up with wrong answers (permissive parents, "soft" law enforcement, communism, etc.). The politics of fear, of law-and-order, can do nothing but polarize the society, deepen distrust among the already distrustful, weaken the possibilities for peaceful political accommodation. The "conservatives," partisans of counterinsurgency at home and abroad, speak in the name of security. Yet they have no real sense of what makes safe cities or a safe world. It is not they, but the John Lindsays of both parties, the men who ask the right questions and aren't scared, who are and will be the country's best hope.

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Report from London

Wilson's About-face

London

It has been a long drama – one British newspaper unkindly called it a farce – but it now looks as if the Labour government and the labor unions have at last reached a face-saving compromise to try to prevent wildcat strikes. The government is dropping its proposed penalties against such strikers, and the union leaders have solemnly pledged themselves to discipline unofficial strikers, possibly by suspension or expulsion. Six months ago Mr. Wilson's Cabinet first wheeled out its proposals for anti-strike legislation. With touching optimism they were embodied in a document entitled "In Place Of Strife." There followed virtually a state of unarmed conflict between the Cabinet and union leaders.

From the beginning, organized labor made clear that it regarded one segment of the government's proposals – fines on workers who declined a "cooling-off" period of 28 days before any strike – as totally unacceptable. Earlier this month it underlined its opposition at a special emergency conference of the Trades Union Congress. By massive majorities the representatives of the nation's nine million trade unionists endorsed the position of their leaders that if the government persisted with this particular part of its suggested legislation, then it could abandon any hope of union cooperation in pushing through a scheme designed to modernize antiquated labor relations.

Initially, this was probably not a total blow for Mr. Wilson and his colleagues. They were shrewd enough politicians to know that there is widespread resentment at what often seems the unbridled power of organized labor in Britain to disrupt the country's economy and imperil the much-needed export drive. A public fight with the unions was unlikely to prove to be any sort of electoral liability: indeed the poll figures – though still very gloomy for the Labour Party – have already suggested that the vision of its leaders standing up to the unions has had a marginally beneficial impact on the public at large. The innumerable meetings in which union leaders trooped into Downing Street – and then came out marathon hours later to announce glumly that the government refused to give way and that the position was still deadlocked – did not do Mr. Wilson's government any harm.

Up to last week, the whole script could have been written by the Prime Minister himself. There he was, a latter-day Horatio holding the bridge and refusing to surrender in face of tremendous odds. It made a splendid picture, and by luck or good management its impact was greatly increased by the fact that standing shoulder-to-shoulder with Mr. Wilson was the one member of his government who possesses that rarest of all political attributes, real star quality. Mrs. Barbara Castle, whose Ministry of Employment and Productivity had responsibility for working out the government's detailed proposals, is the first woman ever to break through the sex barrier in British politics. Regal, red-haired and with a romantic line in oratory ("Your words," she recently told a gathering of Labour MP's, "are balm to my heart") she has even begun to remind a growing number of people of England's great Gloriana Queen, Elizabeth I.

But it is always the last act that is the most difficult to work out. The basic question was simple: was the popular dividend to be derived from a fight to the death with the TUC worth the party split – and possibly even the threat to the government's ability to continue in office?

The more cautious members of the Cabinet, often with a trade union background themselves, were frankly appalled at the prospect of a final rupture between what traditionally have been the twin wings of Britain's labor movement, the one political and the other industrial. For them there was all along only one sensible end to the whole confrontation – a meeting around a table where men of goodwill would hammer out a compromise plan. But other ministers argued that the worst ending of all would be for the public to conclude that all it had been invited to witness these past six months had been a sham fight, set up for cynical reasons. Maybe, some of them were prepared to concede, it was rash for the government to rush into a trial of strength with the TUC; but having done so, there was no alternative to seeing it through.

It is revealing enough, of course, that the argument should have been conducted in these purely political terms. Whatever else Harold Wilson may have achieved in his now nearly five years in office, he has never persuaded even his colleagues to think of him as anything else but a shrewd and nimble tactician. There can rarely have been a time in British politics when issues, ideas and even policies have seemed to count for so little. A Prime Minister whose favorite saying is "a week in politics is a long time" has reaped his reward by virtually killing off the whole notion of rational debate on the actual substance of proposals. In all the talk of options, opportunities and traps the one thing that minimal attention has been paid to is whether there was any merit in the government's scheme – whether it could possibly be made to work.

The TUC was convinced that it could not, and it can claim in some sense to have history on its side. Trade unionism in Britain is a tale of struggle by industrial workers to overcome the restraints that the law initially placed on their activities. It is probably too easy to mock union leaders when they talk of the Tolpuddle Martyrs or the Taff Vale Judgment; yet even in

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1969 the memory of such battles long ago still lives at least in the folklore of unionism. For any government – least of all a Labour government – to seek to put the clock back by reintroducing legal curbs on the rights of workers was probably to court industrial trouble. The first such fines might not, as some extreme union leaders hinted, actually have led to the calling of a general strike. But it was hard to see how the forced imposition of such sanctions could possibly lead to what the government called "a new era of strengthened and improved industrial relations."

None of that, however, was discussed. The public debate – such as it has been – centered on strategy. Even here Mr. Wilson faced some real problems. It seemed evident that if his and Mrs. Castle's nerve finally failed and the government drew back, then it would be exposed to almost universal public derision. One Conservative MP had already compared the Prime Minister to the Grand Old Duke of York, who "marched his army up the hill and then marched them down again." Certainly the price of accommodation on the part of the government with the TUC at this stage must be to reinforce the impression that only a new Tory administration can be expected to deal firmly with Britain's problems.

If, on the other hand, the Prime Minister had decided to press forward with a bill incorporating penal sanctions against workers, he would not only have risked ministerial resignations: he might have discovered that he had put his own tenure of office in jeopardy. The reason is to be found in the strange workings of the House of Commons. Although the Conservatives could not have opposed such a bill on its merits, they could hardly be expected to help the government. To get such a measure through the Commons at such a late stage of the present Parliamentary session, the government would almost certainly have had to resort to one of two parliamentary devices. Either it would have to offer a motion committing the bill to committee – that is, sending it (as the parliamentary phrase goes) "upstairs" where it would be discussed in detail not by the whole House but by a nominated group of MP's; or it would have to announce that debate on the bill would be subjected to a timetable, that after a certain time all discussion be "guillotined." In either event the Conservatives were almost bound to join with the roughly 50 dissident Labour MP's who announced they were prepared to fight the government tooth and nail on the issue. Such an alliance even on a procedural motion would not only have removed the Labour Party's normal Commons majority; it would have just about destroyed its authority as a government. Whether the compromise that has been reached has averted the latter fate remains to be seen. Mr. Wilson has saved face only by an about-face.

Anthony Howard

"Failing" Newspapers

Never let it be said that Everett McKinley Dirksen is anything other than an ardent defender of the Constitution – which, as he noted in a Senate subcommittee hearing the other day, permits the press under the First Amendment "to give the politicians hell" without fear of retribution. This came as Dirksen was busily championing an obscure piece of legislation named the Newspaper Preservation Act, a bill sponsored by more than 30 Senators and some 100 Representatives, totally without regard to party line or ideology. Now in this partisan, ideological age, why should that be? Has someone found the legislative equivalent of Motherhood or apple pie?

Hardly. Lobbyists for the measure include major newspapers across the country, and few Congressmen care to offend *them*. You're not likely to read about their operations, at least in their own publications, but they have awesome power. Nevertheless, they're running scared. The Justice Department, shored up by a Supreme Court ruling in March, has declared war on a clutch of cozy joint publishing arrangements practiced by supposedly "competitive" newspapers in 22 of the nation's largest cities, terming them blatantly and illegally monopolistic.

The act in question would sanction the continuance of joint advertising, printing, and circulation arrangements in the 22 cities. Its rationale is that things are so tough in the world of metropolitan newspapers, what with skyrocketing production costs and all, that legislative aid is necessary to insure the maintenance of "separate editorial voices" in the cities involved. So the bill would legitimize such arrangements when one of the papers is "unlikely to remain or become . . . financially sound." How's that for legal precision?

What it amounts to is that metropolitan publishers, ever conscious of their constitutional right to operate freely but not averse to a little government intervention when practical matters are involved, have invited federal involvement in their affairs in the form of an exemption from the antitrust laws. The measure would give a leg up to healthy communications chains (Newhouse, Hearst, and Scripps-Howard, among others), which are party to more than half the joint arrangements under attack. As voluminous testimony before the Senate antitrust and monopoly subcommittee made clear last year, when the bill first was introduced, joint operations not only extend the life of a newspaper the public has rejected (why, after all, do newspapers fail?) but in the process make it impossible for a would-be publisher to crack the urban market.

The Senate subcommittee's hearings brought forth a catalogue of horrors. Most notably, they showed that price-fixing employed by metropolitan newspapers is a key feature of joint advertising arrangements. It's

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simple: two papers, operating together, can and do juggle rates in such a way as to make it silly for an advertiser to use just one paper. And if a newcomer arrives on the scene, rates are dropped so low that he can't compete and survive.

At the heart of the situation, however, are the cries of wolf by big-city dailies in San Francisco, St. Louis, Honolulu, Pittsburgh and elsewhere. Yet *nowhere* in 3,500 printed pages of testimony is there the slightest hint of financial specifics which would support the claim that newspapers in major cities are in even remote danger of failing.

Cigarette Advertising

For the cigarette industry the House's 250 to 137 vote to prohibit the FTC from requiring a stern health warning on cigarette advertising for another five years was a repeat of the successful 1965 effort. Behind stage, the law firm of Arnold and Porter again directed the performance. "Expert" testimony was obtained from nationally prominent figures for the House Commerce Committee hearings. Ex- (and perhaps soon again to be) Governor Meyner of New Jersey earned his $100,000 a year salary as chairman of the cigarette advertising code by testifying to the "successful" industry effort at self-regulation. There was brief consternation in industry ranks when Rep. Brock Adams (D., Wash.) produced a surprise witness, Warren Braren, who had recently resigned from the National Association of Broadcasters' Code. Braren stated that the Code had first undermined the Cigarette Advertising Code and then had itself buckled under to industry. "Broadcast self-regulation became synonymous with trade association lobbying," he testfiied.

The bill moved quickly to the floor of the House, where lobbyists Earle Clements and Horace Kornegay cashed in on the unique special privilege of ex-congressmen to mix with former colleagues during debate. Their combined 20 years worth of contacts and debts, accrued while sitting on the House Commerce Committee, made them ideal front men for the industry effort. Along with Jack Mills who, prior to joining the tobacco lobby, had been in charge of allotting Democratic party funds to congressional campaigns, these men formed the visible tip of an iceberg of political debt-collecting and promises of future campaign contributions which, added to the Southern block supporting their tobacco brethren, produced the bill's lopsided victory.

Interestingly enough, the industry-controlled House rejected an amendment that would have prohibited a proposed FCC action to ban all cigarette advertising from television and radio. Pro-cigarette representatives lamely maintain that such action is already forbidden, by the intent of the bill. In reality, they know the bill faces rough opposition in the Senate where it will first be considered by Senator Moss' (D., Utah) consumer subcommittee. Moss has publicly vowed to prevent the bill's passage with a filibuster, if necessary. Such grandstanding for his Mormon constituency (he is up for reelection in 1970) has been modified as the moment of truth approaches, but it also put the industry on notice that its success in the Senate is not certain. Thus a natural reluctance to ask for additional legislation prohibiting the proposed FCC ban.

An FCC ban on TV cigarette commercials is probably in the best interest of the industry. At present there is the possibility that the FCC might actually apply its "fair" time guidelines to anti-smoking commercials. At the least, this would require a one to three ratio of smoking commercials (one anti-smoking, to three regular commercials), and during prime time hours, instead of the one to 12 ratio now maintained by most television stations. Direct and brutal anti-smoking propadanda, when placed alongside slick cigarette pitches has an audience impact. Yet individual tobacco companies would not dare remove their ads for fear of giving their competitors an edge in a market where product differentiation is small and advertising is important.

If anti-trust laws do not permit an industry-wide agreement to stop TV advertising, the industry will use the FCC for the same monopolistic purpose. There are precedents for such industry use of government agencies. In 1959 the FTC stopped the "tar-derby" competition ("our brand has less tar and nicotine than brand x") which, while promoting an individual product, also suggested that cigarette smoking could be unhealthy. The FTC said that the tar and nicotine statistics used in specific ads were not scientifically derived and therefore deceptive.

The banning of cigarette advertising by the FCC would give the industry $300 million more to spend on other forms of advertising, which would go unregulated until 1975 if the legislation now before Congress becomes law. A portion of the savings could also be used to speed up the diversification process.

While, according to the United States Public Health Service, 300,000 cigarette-smoking Americans are dying prematurely each year, the industry is callously trying to gain six more years in which to shake its own addiction to tobacco. The cure has already been partially accomplished. In 1963, Liggett and Meyers total revenue came from cigarette sales; now 36 percent comes from non-tobacco products. Reflecting the realities of diversification as well as a sensitive public relations conscience, both R. J. Reynolds and American have dropped the "tobacco" from their corporate names.

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That's Dedication?

Congress loves its cliffhangers; how else induce excitement over so much boring legislation that eschews big issues and serious reforms? To nobody's surprise, the House Ways and Means Committee finally accepted Mr. Nixon's tardy tax package, including extending the ten percent surcharge on the income tax the rest of this year and at five percent the first half of 1970. As Treasury Secretary David M. Kennedy, who attended the Committee's final session, said earlier, "It seems to me it would be very difficult for members of Congress not to vote for a bill that is taking five million [low-income] people off the tax rolls and reducing taxes on another eight million." But the cliffhanger atmosphere is kept up. The Committee's acting chairman Hale Boggs sternly predicts "a very hard fight" on the House floor and Russell Long waits in the Senate clutching a chopper. So the tax package probably won't become law before the 10 percent surcharge formally expires June 30. But withholdings will doubtless continue as before, and doubtless after diverse imaginary perils, the surcharge extension will be pronounced retroactive to make everything legal.

"This Administration," said Secretary Kennedy, "is firmly dedicated to tax reform." Only, not now. After November, President Nixon may come up with some real tax reforms. Even then, they won't include changing the oil depletion allowance ("the President does not favor a change"). Meantime, Ways and Means has given the Administration the $9.2 billion it needed for its predicted $6-billion budget surplus, at a relatively trifling cost of $625 million, the expense of not taxing families under the poverty line ($3,500 for a family of four). The tax deal isn't a bad little bundle. It includes, for instance, an allowance to encourage businesses to install anti-pollution devices. Mr. Kennedy won't lose one of his wheels ("since January we've been going in tandem, with fiscal policy restrictive, budget cuts restrictive, monetary policy restrictive"). But the 10 percent surcharge won't halt inflation. It was passed a year ago and there was no slowdown, even after monetary policy was brought in line with it. The Secretary of the Treasury is entitled to trundle his tandem and all students of the economic cycle must wish him well. But the basic cure for inflation is to stop the arms race, and the best tax medicine would be genuine tax reform.

"Without the surtax, Melvin, how can we pay our bills at the hardware store?"

Earl Warren vs. Warren Earl

The House of Representatives, as we said at the time, did a foolish and pernicious thing when it excluded Adam Clayton Powell two and a half years ago, and then kept him out for the duration of the 90th Congress, thus denying representation to the people of his district. Powell is now back in – even if he does not have the seniority and committee chairmanship of which he could have been stripped anyway, without being excluded – and all the House has accomplished, aside from venting its ill temper, is to obtain the first ruling ever to be issued by the Supreme Court limiting the power of Congress to judge the qualifications of its members. The Court held that Powell, being, as the Constitution requires, 21 years of age, an inhabitant of the state from which he was elected, and a citizen of the United States for at least the previous seven years, was qualified and could not be excluded.

The opinion of the Court was by the outgoing Chief Justice, Earl Warren, and by a pretty coincidence - actually a spoonerism —it reversed a lower-court opinion by the incoming Chief Justice, Warren Earl Burger. Judge Burger, speaking for a panel of the Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia, had held that the issue of Powell's qualification was a political question, "inappropriate for judicial consideration." Exemplifying the bolder style of the Warren Court, its outgoing Chief thought the issue entirely appropriate for judicial resolution. Powell could perhaps have been expelled by a two-thirds vote, said Chief Justice Warren, or otherwise disciplined, but he had to be seated. From a bar in Bimini, Powell welcomed what he called his vindication.

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Beyond the Law

A report on the police by a task force of the Violence Commission coincided recently with the trial of three Chicago policemen charged with beating up a newsman at the Democratic convention. *Chicago Daily News* reporter John O. Linstead happened upon the officers as they worked over two girls and a boy. He shouted at them to stop, using what Judge Joseph Sam Perry described as a word charging the officers "with incest with their mothers." So the three policemen clubbed Linstead with their nightsticks. When he demanded their names and badge numbers, they fled; bystanders took Linstead to the hospital.

The federal government indicted the officers under an 1866 civil rights law for punishing Linstead without due process, and presented witnesses, photographs and a film of the attack. Judge Perry told the jury that "mere words" do not legally justify an assault. The defense contended the officers retaliated after Linstead pushed his hand into an officer's face; an FBI film analyst said Linstead had not. The only defense witness, deputy police chief Robert J. Lynskey, said he did not see the incident. After deliberating six hours, the jury found the policemen innocent. The courtroom burst into applause, the three officers shook hands with their lawyer, and the president of the Chicago Fraternal Order of Police said, "We are absolutely elated over the not guilty verdict. It proves beyond the shadow of a doubt that the lady of justice is not blindfolded and that anarchy will not prevail in our society."

In their report the Violence Commission study group said the police have become "a self-conscious, independent political power." Get used to it.

Darryl's Antic

In the past month the press and Congress have uncovered the military-celluloid complex in the form of Darryl Zanuck's latest production, *Tora! Tora! Tora!* It appears that, among other indiscretions, the Navy was inadequately reimbursed for the services it rendered to Twentieth Century-Fox, which included an aircraft carrier to transport planes from San Diego to Hawaii.

Introducing a bill to prohibit military aid to commercial movies, Representative John Murphy (D., N.Y.) lambasted the Navy's solicitous attitude saying "a nation engaged in war and committed as heavily as we are in the Pacific cannot justify the use of naval ships for movie making. . . ." Zanuck countered with full-page ads in the *Times* and *Washington Post* revealing, to the Defense Department's consternation, the true message of *Tora!* "The basic reason for producing the film," wrote Zanuck (or somebody), "was to arouse the American public to the necessity for preparedness in this acute missile age where a sneak attack could occur at any moment."

Department of Defense material support for such a propaganda film is especially questionable while the ABM debate is raging. While *Tora!* passed muster with the Pentagon, other films have not; for instance, *Fail-Safe* and *Seven Days in May*. Another, yet to be released film by Brien Productions had to cut an armed uprising of citizens against their military from the script before being granted DOD assistance. This unequal treatment and censorship by enticement is official DOD policy. According to the pertinent directive, aid is granted only to films that "will benefit DOD or otherwise be in the national interest."

Teaching Sex in School

In 30 states sex education, which until recently had won easy acceptance in American schools, has come under attack by bumper-sticker conservatives and religious fundamentalists who say it's un-American, un-Christian, pornographic, the work of the devil and the communist conspiracy. In many communities sex education is the hottest issue to come the way of the radical right since fluoridation.

The campaign began last fall when Dr. Gordon Drake, a former dean at Carl McIntire's Shelton College, published a pamphlet for the *Christian Crusade* called, *Is The School House The Proper Place to Teach Raw Sex?* With a rave review in the December Birch Society *Bulletin*, the pamphlet soon became a right-wing best seller. The Birch Society immediately spawned MOTOREDE committees – Movement To Restore Decency – to battle sex education. "Already we have received reports of major victories in various efforts to keep sex education out of the schools and in the home where it belongs," the *Bulletin* for April reported.

The scenario is a well-established one. Opponents of the program shout pornography and document their charge with illustrations taken from books either not used in the schools or not used in the grade specified. Harrowing stories are whispered about youngsters with fractured psyches, the result of a teacher forcing the child to view a certain slide or say a certain word.

Sex education is said to be Phase One in the communists' "well documented" plan to weaken American

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moral fiber and thus lay the nation bare for conquest. The purported link between communism and sex education is SIECUS – the Sex Information and Education Council of the United States – a New York-based organization founded by Dr. Mary Calderone in 1964 to promote sex education. A one-time SIECUS treasurer, *Sexology* Magazine publisher Isadore Rubin, was accused in 1954 by a New York City policewoman of being a communist. QED. (It was enough for California which has banned all SIECUS materials from its schools, though SIECUS produces no textbooks, films or teaching materials.)

Rubin, moreover, is being used to substantiate the claim that sex education is sophisticated pornography and that so-called sexologists are pedagogical perverts. *Sexology*, which is frankly aimed at the mass market, employs pin-up type covers to boost circulation. These are given splashy display in right-wing literature. Despite its racy covers, *Sexology* is generally well regarded by educators. Nevertheless, Rubin is being promoted as the Major Peress of sex education.

Where ever this sort of attack has been employed, school officials have either watered down an already cautious curriculum or beat a quick retreat back to stamens and pistils. In the process, sincere doubts about sex education – usually based on misinformation – become submerged in waves of invective. In Anaheim, Calif., two school board seats turned on the issue. In Maryland's Montgomery County – a split-leveled and sophisticated Washington suburb – more than 700 persons turned out recently to hear denunciations of a pilot program. In the Chicago suburbs, the issue is still in doubt.

In one of the wierdest marriages of convenience yet, some orthodox Freudians have also jumped into the debate with the result that Birchites and the like have adopted the theory of the latency period. It is, Freud says, the ages 6 through 12 in which a child submerges his sexuality and concentrates instead on play and learning. Whatever its merits, the theory has lost much support over the years, especially since the publication of the Kinsey reports. "Whether young children in 1890 in Vienna didn't know about sex is a moot point," comments Dr. Wardell Pomeroy, a New York psychotherapist and a former colleague of the late Alfred Kinsey, "but our research with the Kinsey Institute shows that American children do."

Despite the thunder on the right, sex education's prestigious boosters like the American Medical Association, The National Education Association, The US Catholic Conference and the National Council of Churches, are holding firm. Basically, these organizations feel that neither the family or the church have satisfactorily discharged their traditional – if unhonored – responsibility to teach children about sex. They are alramed at the growing rate of teenage illegitimacy and an erosion of the family as a viable social unit. (Sex education curriculums generally spend far more time on the role of the family than on human reproduction, and most are heavily imbued with traditional American mores and strictures against premarital sex.) And sex education has the support of most teachers because it frees them from arbitrary limits on knowledge. "You know," a Maryland teacher said, "for years we taught them all the systems – the digestive, the respiratory – and we stopped at the reproduction system as if man were an asexual animal and reproduced like the flatworm."

Richard M. Cohen

COMING: Stanley Hoffmann on the future of France under President Pompidou

We'll All Breathe More Easily

Noiseless, Nontoxic Steam Engine

The graven image of our national culture, the automobile, with its internal combustion engine (ICE) coughs up 90 million tons of carbon monoxide, hydrocarbons, nitrogen, oxides, lead and oxidants annually, accounting for at least 60 percent of air pollution in the United States, and for cities such as Los Angeles, where the automobile is as necessary as air, the figure rises to 90 percent.

In order to meet the pollution standards for cars set by the federal government and the state of California for carbon monoxide and hydrocarbons (they interact with nitrogen oxides to produce smog), automobile manufacturers have increased the combustion temperature of ICE motors. However, the fine engine adjustments involved deteriorate rapidly with engine use. Owners who realize that the adjustments reduce their gas mileage and acceleration can help the aging process along using only a simple screwdriver. Ironically, as hydrocarbon pollution is decreased, nitrogen oxide pollution increases. This toxic form of air pollution has been linked to respiratory diseases and causes an es-

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timated six to ten million dollars of plant damage each year in Los Angeles alone.

Although Standard Oil of New Jersey advertises that "by 1978, cars will be less of a smog problem than they were in 1928," the National Air Pollution Control Administration responding to an inquiry from Sen. Warren Magnuson, concluded that "the downward trend for carbon monoxide and hydrocarbon emissions will continue only temporarily unless such emissions are brought under increasingly stringent control. . . . The total amounts of all other motor vehicle pollutants emitted into the air, including nitrogen oxides and lead are still increasing."

Two months ago the Senate Commerce Committee released a report which pulled together an impressive array of data indicating the desirability and feasibility of the Rankine cycle (steam or vapor) engine. At present the Rankine engine offers the only feasible solution to the thickening smog blanket of Los Angeles and other metropolitan areas. Because it burns its fuel instead of exploding it, it is essentially a pollution-free source of power. It produces 98 percent less hydrocarbons, 98.5 percent less carbon monoxide, and 97.5 percent less nitrogen oxides than the uncontrolled ICE. Since lead is not a necessary additive to fuel for Rankine burners, there is no lead pollution. This places the Rankine engine well below even the most optimistic forecasts for pollution levels of the controlled ICE of the future. In addition its quiet burn, as opposed to the ICE's "bang" guarantees welcome relief for our suffering ears.

In performance the Rankine engine is more economical than the ICE and has better maintenance and reliability potential because of its simplicity. There is no need for transmission, carburetor, distributor, muffler or the elaborate air-pollution-control equipment which Detroit is developing to save its multi-billion dollar ICE investment. In addition, the Rankine engine has superior acceleration, delivering full torque all the time. The traditional steam engine problems of water freezing, lengthy start-up time and piston lubrication at temperatures over 600° F., where the engine's efficiency is greatly increased, are essentially solved.

Proof of the Rankine engine's superiority was provided, to the auto industry's chagrin, by working prototypes built by "backyard" engineers such as Calvin and Charles Williams, whose steam car was demonstrated to a joint congressional hearing a year ago, and Wallace Minto who has a Volkswagen bus operating with a Freon vapor engine.

Early last month, GM staged a stylish extravaganza for the press during which they exhibited 26 vehicles propelled by non-ICE motors, including two steam engines. GM's President Edward Cole spoke critically of the steam car, however: "When compared to the internal combustion engine, the steam engine is inefficient. Its size, weight, and the cost of major components also are serious handicaps." Their engines, according to him, produce one-half the horsepower with twice as much weight as the comparable ICE engine. Yet the car demonstrated by the Williams brothers, which had already traveled 25,000 miles on the road, compared favorably in weight to the ICE of similar horsepower. (The Williams brothers had spent 30 years and $1 million, and then ran out of capital and folded.)

But in August of last year, and with considerable fanfare, Bill Lear, stepped into the act, committing $10 million and his personal prestige to developing the Rankine engine car. Lear, the creator of the businessman's jet and the stereo tapedeck, does not plan to compete with the ICE passenger car. He is primarily interested in producing power for heavy-duty equipment, boats and buses. According to his director of marketing, the Lear engine would be able to supply the 300 hp. necessary for a city bus with one-sixth the engine weight. This means more passengers and revenue per bus and reduced operating costs. Since steam buses are noiseless and pollutionless, city mayors are expected to encourage their purchase.

The Department of Transportation thinks the Rankine engine is well suited for urban buses. The Dallas Transit System and Ling-Temco-Vought Corp. were jointly granted $309,780 of DOT funds last February to develop and test a prototype Rankine engine bus. DOT is also supplying development funds for the production and testing of four Rankine engine buses in the San Francisco area. Four different vendors will be chosen from competing designs. Among the companies that have shown an interest are LTV Corp., FMC Corp. and Rohr Corp., all of which are listed in *Fortune* magazine's top 500 industrials and have considerable financial clout. A few smaller companies such as the Thermo Electron Corporation (developer of silent and smokeless steam generators for the Army) and the Thermodynamics Corporation (they are working on steam helicopters for the Navy) are also interested in the San Francisco project. In two weeks, HEW's National Air Pollution Control Administration will award a $200,000 contract for a Rankine passenger car design.

The competition for these governmental plums has produced some internecine sniping in the infant industry. Lear motor corporation executives brand Minto's Freon engine as being unsafe, without hard evidence to support their claim. Competitors knock Lear's efforts as blunders covered with bluster.

The biggest plum currently available is California legislation which requires government procurement of low-emission vehicles at additional costs of up to 100 percent if such vehicles are available. Lear and Thermodynamics Corp. will present competitive prototypes to the California Highway Patrol for evaluation next August. This guaranteed market, however, will only

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amount to 700 cars per year; at least 50,000 units per year are necessary to make a production line for a single model competitively efficient. The California legislature is therefore considering ways to tempt or compel institutional fleets of taxi companies, local police and large utilities to purchase steam cars.

The federal government, which has traditionally lagged behind California in pollution legislation, could create a significant mass market for the steam car by enacting similar legislation. Any kind of effective government inducement, however, would face the combined opposition of the auto and oil lobbies. The latter has a huge investment in high grade gasoline and additives – necessary foods for the temperamental ICE. The steam engine is not particular about its diet and can run on any combustible fuel. Present prototypes use cheap kerosene.

Edward Cox

A Jew in Morocco

The Exodus from One's Native Land

Fez

The hills are as luminous as stained glass. In some places the emerald grass is patterned like a carpet, with bright orange wild flowers, little daisy-like flowers so thick they turn big patches of hillsides orange or make stripes of orange between silver-green rows of olive trees.

The walls of the medina – the medieval quarter of the city – shut out the green and orange hills and hug within them the clamorous, steep, winding alleys. The medina of Fez is light and shade, dark alleys and sudden dazzling shafts of sun. Squeezing against a wall to let a donkey cart by, I walk past sheep's heads (eyes open) on the counters of meat shops; bins of fat yellow carrots and tiny new potatoes; men stitching on brocade caftans in cramped workshops raised from the floor of the alley, like department store windows. The alleys are streams of shouting children, donkeys slipping on the smooth bricks, men and women in ankle-length jellabas, only the dark eyes of the women showing between their veils and the hoods of their jellabas.

In the modern city of Fez, outside the walls of the medina, the boulevards are broad and split by grassy esplanades where roses are budding; people promenade past white buildings with grilled balconies; there's an abundance of patisseries and sidewalk cafes; "petits taxis" scuttle down the streets.

It is here that Armand Serfaty has his jewelry store, the Bijouterie Transvaal. In the afternoon, he stands outside his shop, looking across the street at a cafe where a white-jacketed waiter is bringing a glass of mint tea to a man on the terrace.

Serfaty is soft-spoken, bulkily big and with warm brown eyes and a pleasant smile. He is enjoying the sun and the sidewalk bustle. This is his city. His parents and he and his four children were born in Fez. He is a Jew. Like most Moroccans, he speaks only French and Arabic. He has a nice shop and a comfortable home in the modern city and he has Arab friends. Jews have lived in Morocco since before Christ, and Fez was for centuries a center for Talmudic scholars. But although their roots are ancient, and they no longer cluster in the Jewish ghetto known as the *mellah*, *les juifs* are not quite *marocains*.

Before Israel's War of Liberation in 1948, there were close to 300,000 Jews in what is now Morocco, about 50,000 in Fez. Before the Six Day War in June, 1967, the number had dwindled to about 10,000 in Fez, and now there are some 2,500, and about 35,000 in all of Morocco. They leave for France, Canada, America, but most go to Israel. "All the Jews here have someone who has gone to Israel," Serfaty says. His parents and eldest son, who is 20, live in Israel. His wife's sister and two brothers are in the US.

It is like this. In the *mellah*, a woman greets me, because I am an American, with an eager flow of talk; her daughter lives in Brooklyn and she visited her there last year. Her brother lives in Tel Aviv.

It's easy to see why the Jews in the Fez *mellah* – there are only about 800 still there – want to leave. The stucco and stone buildings smell of poverty, stale cooking, unwashed people. A dark covered passageway only a few feet wide leads to an alley where there is a synagogue up some stairs above a school for indigent Jewish children. The synagogue is a room with a few benches, a room brightened only by the embroidered silk curtain hanging over the ark that holds the Torah scrolls. In the afternoon, half a dozen old men sit on the benches along the walls. They are drably dressed in worn Western-style clothing and Western felt hats.

Serfaty, however, is a successful businessman who was able to get out of the *mellah* eight years ago. Yet he too talks of leaving. He says, "If I had the means to live in Israel like this" (a telephone in his house, a telephone in his store), "I would go. . . . *je pense toujours partir.*" But what of his shop? Most of the Jews who have stayed are in commerce, and the Arabs, figuring the Jews will eventually sell, won't pay the asking price for a business. "I would like to stay here," he says. "I like the life of Morocco. . . . It is easier to make a good living here than in Israel, or in other countries. But I am afraid I might lose everything here."

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There is freedom of religion in Morocco and, except for the very poor synagogues, the temples are not hidden away but are open to the street. Jews can live where they want, join the army (they don't), vote. There are few Jews in the government now and no Jewish policemen (nor French either). In the courts, Serfaty feels, Jews are discriminated against, although he says the courts are "more just" in the case of major crimes. They have confidence in King Hassan II, who kept a lid on demonstrations and anti-Zionist feeling during the tense days of 1967. "We are all right while Hassan is here," says Serfaty. "Hassan keeps order. But if there should be a *coup d'état*, if something should happen to the king. . . ."

Serfaty speaks of June, 1967. "The Jews all stayed in their homes. No windows were broken but there were many manifestations, people marching with placards. There were signs, 'Don't buy from the Jews.' After the war, the Arabs wouldn't go to the cafes owned by Jews. People you knew, that you had been intimate with – they said, 'I don't know you.' It is different now, we are friends, but we don't talk politics."

A woman, not veiled but wearing a street-length blue gabardine jellaba, enters the shop and Serfaty gets up and talks to her in Arabic. Their greetings are friendly. She leaves and Serfaty resumes. "From time to time," he says, "when there is an outbreak of fighting, we are afraid." A few days earlier, a couple of small boys threw alcohol at a Jew, trying to set him on fire. But they were just small boys.

Serfaty's second son, Raphael comes in and sits down with us. He is 17. He has darker hair and a paler face than his father. Raphael attends a public *lycée* and he seems surprised to be asked if he has close friends among his Arab classmates. Of course he has. (But "we don't talk politics.") Raphael would like to go to America. He says, intensely, "I don't feel hatred toward anyone. I want peace between the Jews and Arabs." The father smiles and shrugs. "Everybody wants peace." (Later, in Algiers, I ask an Algerian journalist if there is concern about the battles along the Suez, if there is worry that the battles will erupt in another war. "We *want* war," he replies angrily. "It is the only way we will have justice.")

Once, about eight or nine years after the end of World War II, I was trying to raise some money by selling used clothes to the second-hand stores on Third Avenue in New York. I was carrying the clothes on my shoulders, in a rucksack I had bought in Germany. A number of the store owners were German Jews and when they saw my sack, they asked if I had been there, and then they began talking about the hills and villages of Germany, the loveliness of the countryside. I couldn't understand their longing for the German countryside. Now, leaving Serfaty's bijouterie, walking down the boulevard that seems so French, Third Avenue comes back to me.

Barbara W. Carlson

Alaska: Share the Oil

Last year a lone Atlantic Richfield oil rig drilled into a sea of oil beneath Alaska's Arctic ice. The find is worth billions and has the oil industry aflutter. Humble Oil announced it would spend $30 million to open the legendary Northwest Passage linking Alaska to the East Coast; British Petroleum, with holdings on Alaska's North Slope, obtained Sinclair Oil's East Coast marketing rights from Atlantic Richfield this year for $400 million and recently took over Standard Oil of Ohio. A Fairbanks pharmacist's modest $4,800 land investment on the North Slope returned $2 million recently. The state of Alaska, dependent on federal spending for 36 percent of its annual gross product, should thrive on revenue from the oil leases (California's last competitive oil lease went for about $600 million). But the new jobs and expanded incomes would bypass 178 remote, far-flung Alaskan Native villages, because the capital-intensive oil industry has little use for unskilled, semi-educated Natives. To avoid their exclusion, the Alaskan Federation of Natives, representing 55,000 Eskimos, Aleuts and Indians filed claim to 250 million acres, asserting aboriginal occupancy.

As Interior Secretary, Stewart Udall felt the Natives had a point and imposed a "land freeze" on unclaimed federal land in Alaska. This "patently illegal act" so nettled Alaska's business-minded governor Walter Hickel that he ordered a suit against the Interior Secretary, hoping to lift the freeze. The state had selected only 18 million of 103 million acres allotted it by the Statehood Act of 1958, so the "freeze" left the Natives

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sitting, idly, on all that black treasure. Appointed Secretary of Interior, Hickel said bluntly: "What Udall can do by executive order, I can undo."

Now (apart from becoming the subject of his own suit), Hickel is under pressure from the President, Congress, the Natives and the state to settle the claims. The government's moral obligation to compensate the Natives for their lost land rights is generally conceded, but establishing a precise legal obligation that could determine the terms of a settlement has proved virtually impossible; a solution lies with an act of Congress.

Primary responsibility for the claims legislation falls to the Senate Interior Committee, so committee chairman Henry M. Jackson (D., Wash.) asked the Federal Field Committee for Development Planning in Alaska to make a thorough study of the Alaskan Natives and the land issue. Their 565-page report is a stark account of one of the poorest peoples in America.

In 1968, the Bureau of Indian Affairs and the Public Health Service spent $43 million on the state's 55,000 Natives. Despite the millions, most Native villages resemble Alaska's old gold-rush boom towns (a few actually are crumbling remnants of that period). The Natives live in one- or two-room shacks built of logs, driftwood, sod or plywood when it's available. Arctic winds constantly blow through them. Government inspections of 2,014 Native households found 1,561 without a sanitary water supply. A few villagers have regular flush toilets, some have privies, most use pots or pails indoors and carry them outside to dump on the ground or sea ice. By contrast, federal employees working in village schools or agencies live in well-constructed, functional government housing.

The primitive living conditions afflict the Natives with high incidence of disease: bronchial pneumonia, tuberculosis, influenza. Among Native children earaches become serious ear infections often causing hearing loss because they don't get medical attention. Alcoholism, serious mental disorders and malnutrition are widespread.

Most village children attend either the BIA's 82 village schools or the 62 village schools run by the state. Few schools extend beyond the eighth grade. Between 1955 and 1962, less than 40 percent of the children graduated from grade school and three-quarters of the dropouts were at least five years behind.

Because of a severely limited job market, only one villager in ten holds a full-time job. Commercial fisheries employ Natives for two to four summer months. In the southeast a Native earns $1,000 to $1,500, perhaps as much as $3,000 in a good year; in the southwestern Bristol Bay area, cannery workers make less than $500 for six weeks work. Some Natives find part-time work with the government in school and defense construction or as firefighters and fish and game wardens. During the severe Alaskan winters there is hardly any work at all. If a Native's part-time job does not last a quarter of a benefit year, he cannot get unemployment compensation.

The average Native family with an estimated annual income of $2,000 has one of the country's highest costs of living. A BIA survey found that a Native family may pay $2,000 for necessities that a family in Houston or Washington, D.C. can buy for $1,000.

The large task of settling the claims issue to everyone's satisfaction is under way. In April, Sen. Jackson introduced a bill that would establish a quasi-public Alaskan Native Development Corporation. Four of the nine directors would be Natives elected by the stockholders, the Alaskan Natives. The corporation would receive starting capital of $1 million from the Alaska Native Compensation Fund, a special unit established within the Treasury to funnel revenue directly to the Corporation. Jackson's bill would appropriate $1 billion to the Corporation – $100 million a year for ten years. Also, the Corporation would receive ten percent of federal and state revenue from mineral leases. The Corporation would provide loans and grants to Native groups, villages and individuals for home construction, health programs and education, as well as making investments. After ten years the Corporation would continue as a private enterprise paying annual dividends to the Native stockholders.

A poor people's corporation is politically safe because it conforms to popular self-help theories. But the Interior Committee's plan stepped on several sets of bureaucratic toes. Congress normally requests comment from government departments affected by proposed legislation; attempting to avoid the bureaucratic wringer, the Interior Committee drafted its bill without consulting anyone. The Agriculture Department objects to provisions that would turn over some 300,000 acres of National Forest land to the Natives. The Defense Department controls National Petroleum Reserve No. 4 (Pet 4) and there is no indication that it will surrender it to anyone. Commercial exploitation of Pet 4 could alter national and world oil markets. Most important, the Budget Bureau blanches at committing the inflation-obsessed Administration to giving the Natives $100 million a year plus a percentage of the leasing revenues.

On April 28, Secretary Hickel presented the Administration's proposals (with Budget Bureau imprimatur) for settling the Natives' claims. Interior found Jackson's billion-dollar figure excessive by half – they proposed a $500 million settlement payable to the Corporation (which they sanction) over 20 years. Hickel also thought revenue-sharing "would place on our Natives an uncertain element of risk," a fear that apparently escapes the oil companies preparing to sink billions into tapping the Alaskan oilfields. The Interior Committee proposed an independent Alaska Native Commission to administer the claims settlement; the In-

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terior Department wants the Commission established as an agency within the department. There it would conflict with the BIA.

The Administration and Senate Interior Committee probably will settle on a compensation figure somewhere between the $500 million and $1 billion proposals. Less easily compromised is the critical issue of revenue-sharing. The Interior Department and its Budget Bureau overseers are dead set against appropriating a yearly ten percent of unpredictable revenue income. Actually, the ten-percent figure is little more than a commitment to the revenue-sharing proposal; the Field Committee's chairman, Joseph H. Fitzgerald, admits the figure is only an educated guess. The Interior Committee would resolve the proposal's uncertainty by giving the Natives an annual percentage of the leasing revenue, not to exceed a fixed cash ceiling.

Central to the government's reluctance to embrace high-cost, open-end financing of the Natives' future is a fear of setting precedents. The government fears that other minorities might interpret cutting the Natives in on revenue from federal (and therefore tax-supported) land as a concession, precipitating a flood of similar compensation demands from these groups. Spreading $500 million over 20 years and administering it through the Interior Department would be less likely to set off a reparations revolution. It also is less likely to do the Alaskan Natives much good. It would add $25 million to the ineffectual $43 million a year they get now; $100 million a year plus a share in leasing revenues would eliminate poverty among the Alaskan Natives.

Daniel Henninger

It's a Gas!

by Barry Lando

Just as Vietnam has been a boon to the US armaments industry, strife on campus and in the ghettos has given a boost to a group of companies who specialize in riot control equipment – particularly what are known as "irritant gases." The largest of these is Federal Laboratories of Saltsburg, Pennsylvania, a subsidiary of the Breeze Corporation of New Jersey and the major producer of tear gas products in the world. Its 600 employees work in a plant spread over 150 acres of the Allegheny foothills.

The gas dropped on Berkeley students from a helicopter last month came from Federal. So did the gas used against students in Madison and demonstrators in Chicago during the Democratic Convention. It was Federal gas that dispersed anti-Rockefeller protestors in Ecuador. And the army uses Federal products to drive the Vietcong from their bunkers and caves.

Federal markets a wide range of equipment, from submachine guns, to fingerprint lifters, jail mattresses, infrared viewers for night, police sirens, straightjackets, and bulletproof vests. But its biggest sales come from irritant gases and a variety of devices to fire them, including grenades, shotgun launchers, police batons, shells with a range of 150 yards, and personal dispensers which fit neatly in a breast pocket. Federal has a fire ax which can release gas into a building after the blade has pierced a door or wall.

Federal sells its gas products to the Pentagon for the army and national guard, to police departments, and to foreign governments. Foreign sales are doing well. India, with her food riots, is an important customer. Pakistan also buys. Israel has purchased large amounts in case of riots in the newly occupied Arab territories. At first the recently independent African countries were reluctant to buy tear gas. "They seemed to connect it with their old colonial rulers," says a Federal executive, "but after a few years in power, several governments have recognized its usefulness and we're getting a lot of good orders."

Still, the fastest growth rate is in domestic business. Since 1965, sales have expanded about 30 percent as police departments and national guard units have stocked up on the newest equipment. Last summer, Federal's plant was working two shifts a day. Fall used to bring a decline in orders, but thanks to campus demonstrations the factory is now kept busy year around. Federal also has a fleet of trucks to rush addi-

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tional supplies into any area hit by large-scale disturbances.

"The development of tear gas was a long step forward in the history of civilization," writes Federal's president, Robert B. Reynolds, in the company's catalogue. There is no denying that irritant gases are many times preferable to bullets. But they are not as safe as most authorities make them out to be, not safe enough to be sprayed from helicopters or fired like underarm deodorant from small aerosol containers.

Federal produces the three major types of irritant gases. First, in order of mildness, is CN (Chloroacetophenone), the original tear gas and the product most commonly used by police. It comes in a red container and causes, according to a Federal handbook, "intense irritation of eyes and mucous membranes, resulting in profuse tearing and temporary loss of vision."

Next is CS (Orothochlorobenzalmolononitrile) which comes in a blue container and provokes "intense irritation of all moist skin areas [including the genitals], mouth, nose and sinuses. Burning sensation causes extreme temporary pain"; also labored breathing.

Finally, DM (Diphenylaminechlorarsine), which causes "extreme nausea and loosening of bowels. Should only be used in very extreme situations." There have been no deaths directly attributed to DM. But, according to a Federal sales representative, once hit with DM a person is in such agony that he might try to take his own life. Some have tried to shoot themselves; at least one man tried to end it all by ripping the veins from his own neck. DM, in its handy green container, is stocked by several law enforcement agencies, but is only rarely used.

Most hazardous of the gases commonly employed is CS, and its use is increasing. CS is stocked by the army, the national guard, and by about 30 percent of the police forces. It was used in Berkeley and in Washington, D.C. following the assassination of Martin Luther King Jr. CS is also one of the favorites of foreign buyers.

CN has been effective in most riot situations, but the army and national guard have been trying to convince police departments to switch to CS. They claim it to be more potent, yet safe.

That safety is far from proven. The controversy about Mace – basically CN in a liquid aerosol container – is mild compared to the row that could develop around CS. At a recent seminar held by Federal for 150 police from around the country, Howard Sarris, one of the company's top sales representatives, described his own reaction to CS: "It feels like someone's got a pipeline into my skull filled with cold water. I get a tight feeling in my chest. It's difficult to breath. I go down to my knees, loose control of my joints, and have a strong desire to vomit." Sarris then went on to caution, "We're one of the largest producers of CS, but there are unknown side effects that we've not yet been able to categorize."

Federal's training manual for police warns that "the effects of CS are generally more severe and may be extremely dangerous to persons with cardiac or pulmonary conditions." A publication of the US Army Munitions Command, "The Effects of Thermally-Generated CS Aerosols on Human Skin," has never been cleared for public release. But, according to a Federal pamphlet, it lists "some of the very severe effects from the use of CS." Army volunteers and some Federal Lab employees who have come into contact with high concentrations of CS have developed serious skin blisters.

Another army publication, "Use of Agent CS in Training and Riot Control," advises medical screening of participants with respiratory or cardiac conditions. "There is a good chance," Sarris told his police seminar, "that someone with a history of heart disease, bronchitis or TB scars could develop pleural edema. He could start to choke to the point where it could be disastrous."

Federal claims there have been no fatalities or serious injuries due directly to CS. But the army only began to stock CS in 1960. It has conducted some tests on plants and on a few human volunteers, but experiments have been limited. A recent publication of the International Association of Chiefs of Police advises that "assurances from commercial and military sources regarding the comparative safety of CS should not be permitted to obscure the fact that the agent must be used with discretion." Federal's training manual warns of another danger: "Buildings, rooms, and furniture CANNOT, in many cases, BE DECONTAMINATED when exposed to CS."

"Sincerely," said Sarris, "we don't know how to get rid of it." In Washington, D.C., several buildings that were gassed during the riots following the King assassination are still contaminated more than 14 months later.

CS delivery systems are becoming more sophisticated. The "Aero-Trol" ("Violent rioters won't stick around when the Aero-Trol is there," says the company's catalogue) will shoot out large clouds of CS or CN up to 40 feet in still air. A 30-pound blower called the "Turb-A-Fog" has an area coverage capacity of 125 acres per hour and provides "an instantaneous, even, and effective penetration into any area-wide situation, including grass, bushes, shrubbery, trees, in and around buildings or any other hard-to-get-at areas with 'HURRICANE VELOCITY!' "

Sarris warned the police they might be leaving themselves open to civil suits by the indiscriminate use of CS. And Federal emphasizes the need for proper training of agencies equipped with its products. "But too often in a crunch," says one Federal official, "the police and the guard will fire whatever they've got."

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Blacks in Politics

A Long Way to Go in Mississippi

by Bruce W. Eggler

A black man's victorious mayoralty campaign in tiny (1,800 pop.) Fayette was the most dramatic development in Mississippi's recent elections. Charles Evers became the first black mayor of a biracial Mississippi town in a century. Nevertheless, his achievement was largely symbolic. Black candidates overall won only a small number of offices in Democratic primaries last month and in the general election June 3.

With well over a thousand elective posts at stake in some 250 Mississippi towns and cities, fewer than 200 Negroes ran for office in about 50 towns. Only 24 won posts in 11 small towns, including Evers and 5 black aldermen in Fayette. Of 12 black candidates for mayor, only Evers won. Eight blacks in the second Democratic primary were all defeated; the same thing happened in the 1967 county elections, when 22 Negroes won first primary victories but all 21 in second primary races lost. Clearly, a black candidate in Mississippi cannot count on picking up many white votes as long as he is running against any white man. The victories blacks did score this year came largely in heavily black towns, like Fayette.

Black voting power failed to materialize as expected in many areas, especially the major cities. About one-third of Jackson's 170,000 residents are black, but black contenders for mayor and city commissioner won only 11 percent of the vote. Black candidates ran behind even in several places where Negro registration outnumbers white.

There is a variety of reasons for these failures. Many Mississippi Negroes are still too fearful or too ignorant to vote at all, much less support black candidates. Economic reprisals are not uncommon: two weeks after he ran unsuccessfully for mayor of Lexington, a black vocational trades instructor was fired after 20 years of teaching. Most black candidates lack funds, political experience and campaign organization. Would-be black voters still face harassment or misinformation at the polls, despite the presence during the voting this year of over 140 Justice Department attorneys and observers, plus many civil rights lawyers and Northern students. The Civil Rights Commission has reported widespread challenges to Negro ballots, release to voters of misleading information, and denial of information to black campaign workers. At Clarksdale, seat of Coahoma County (68 percent Negro) in the Delta, some Negroes arriving at the polls were told someone else had already voted in their name. At several other towns, federal observers themselves challenged the presence of poll watchers for black candidates. The polling place for one black precinct was changed without publicity, and election officials refused to help voters find the new location. Many black voters who did manage to cast their ballots, in the words of Charles Evers, "just don't believe the Negro can do the job like the white man."

On nearly all these counts, Evers had an advantage over the average Negro candidate. Brother of the murdered Medgar Evers and NAACP state field secretary for six years, he is by far the best-known black leader in the state. He was able to call on outside financial resources and to mobilize numerous campaign workers. He had been carefully organizing the black population of southwest Mississippi, especially around Fayette, for three years. Few Negro candidates in coming years will have such advantages.

There will probably be black candidates for some of the state's five congressional seats next year, but a 1966 reapportionment carefully gerrymandered the districts to reduce the chance of Negro victories. The next major black effort will be in the 1971 state and county elections, when a new governor, state legislators, and county officials (including the powerful sheriffs) will be voted on. In the last such election year, 1967, the Negro vote elected one black legislator and a score of minor county officials, and helped push a relatively (by Mississippi standards) moderate gubernatorial candidate into the second Democratic primary. In 1971, Mississippi's Negroes should do better. But their success is not assured, and to a considerable extent for reasons that lie outside their own control.

Perhaps most important, the 1965 Voting Rights Act will expire in August 1970, unless Congress extends it. This law authorized the sending of federal examiners to enroll blacks in Mississippi and six other Southern states, and prohibited literacy tests and other discriminatory devices in those states. It also authorized the sending of the federal election observers who generally help reduce overt discrimination at the polls. Under a Supreme Court decision in March, the act provides that the seven affected states cannot change their election laws to adversely affect Negroes. This ruling has resulted in disapproval of several 1966 Mississippi laws designed to limit the number of elective offices

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open to Negroes (e.g., by requiring that school superintendents in some counties be appointed rather than elected, raising the number of petition signatures required of independent candidates, etc.). The Justice Department used the same provision last month to get a slate of Negro candidates on the ballot in the Delta town of Friars Point.

Since passage of the 1965 act, Negro registration in Mississippi has increased nearly tenfold, from 28,500 to an estimated 260,000. But registration still stands at only 60 percent of eligible blacks, compared to white registration of over 90 percent. (In some counties, white registration *exceeds* 100 percent.) Many Negroes in the state still have difficulty registering, as registrars limit their office hours, misinform registrants about voting procedures, and the like. This discrimination may be a rearguard delaying action now, but if the Voting Rights Act were to lapse there is little doubt that in many areas of Mississippi it would escalate into full-scale assault on black registration, voting, and political participation. The Nixon Administration's intentions are still unannounced, but – under strong Southern Republican pressure – it apparently wants to change the Southern emphasis of the present law to a more "nationwide" plan. How much this would weaken the law now on the books is not yet clear; but if the end result is the demise of the Voting Rights Act, Evers says, "we're through."

A second key problem for Mississippi's blacks is the attitude of national Democratic leaders toward their state's tangled party affairs. The state party is split cleanly between the rival factions, the Regulars and the Loyalists, each with various subgroups and dissensions of its own. The Regulars are composed of the traditional state party machinery and all the state's conservative white officeholders, led by Governor John Bell Williams (the former congressman who lost 20 years' seniority for backing Barry Goldwater in 1964 and then turned to state politics). Senators Eastland and Stennis, plus the state's five congressmen, are considered Regulars, but failed to follow Williams and the Regular machinery in endorsing George Wallace last year; instead, unwilling to lose their seniority, they all sat out the election, as they had done in 1964.

The Loyalist faction appeared at the Chicago convention, where they successfully challenged the Regulars' delegation as discriminatory and disloyal to the national party. The Loyalist leaders had first hoped simply to gain minimal black representation in the Regular delegation, but the Regulars refused to bend at all. As a result, moderate leaders of both races put together a Loyalist delegation of 22 whites and 22 blacks, with black NAACP state president Aaron Henry and liberal white newspaper editor Hodding Carter III as co-chairmen. The Loyalists always insist they are a biracial party, but the extent of their white support is dubious. The state AFL-CIO leadership backs the Loyalists, but unions are small and weak in right-to-work Mississippi. Otherwise, the Loyalists are supported mainly by the NAACP, the small Young Democrats organization, Negro Masonic and teachers associations, and individual white liberals.

To the left of the Loyalists is the militant, nearly all-black Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party, the group which raised the dramatic but unsuccessful credentials challenge at the 1964 Atlantic City convention. The MFDP declared its independence from all national political parties in March, announcing it would work as an independent political action group. Now led by the Rev. Clifton Whitley and Joseph Harris, the MFDP formed about one-third of the Loyalist delegates at Chicago, but there is open mutual scorn between them and many white Loyalists, and relations are strained even with NAACP-style blacks.

The Loyalists' greatest complaint at the moment, as expressed at a Jackson hearing last month of the McGovern Committee on Party Structure and Delegate Selection, is the inconsistency in national attitudes toward their party. The Democratic National Committee officially recognizes the Loyalists as the Democratic Party of Mississippi; Charles Evers sits on its executive committee. Loyalist state chairman Aaron Henry is a member of the McGovern Committee. But in January the Democratic members of Congress welcomed the full Regular delegation from the state, unquestioningly granting them the party seniority that has made Mississippians chairmen of the Senate Armed Services and Judiciary Committees, and of the House Rules Committee and Agriculture Appropriations subcommittee. As Evers wondered aloud, "Who is the Democratic Party of Mississippi?"

The national Democratic party may be able to continue ducking the issue, for Senator Stennis, all five congressmen, and their Democratic challengers will have to qualify next year with the "state Democratic executive committee" to run in the primary. If they qualify with the Loyalist committee, the white voters might repudiate them; if they choose the Regular committee and ignore the nationally-recognized Loyalists, the national party may be forced to repudiate them should they be elected.

The obvious though remote "solution" is a merger of the two factions. But before Mississippi's white politicians will work with Evers and Henry, most will gladly move into the state's small but resurgent Republican Party. That party – lily-white and Reaganesque in philosophy – is not unlike the state's traditional Democrats, and Governor Williams is widely thought to be awaiting a good opportunity to switch to it. Most white Mississippians, who have not voted for a Democratic Presidential candidate since 1956, have little "party loyalty" left by now.

The challenge for the Loyalists is to build a truly

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biracial party. Mississippi's blacks – only some 43 percent of the state's population, less than a majority since 1940, their numbers depleted by massive migrations to Northern cities, undereducated, economically dependent – are unable to go it alone on a statewide basis. They need more white allies than the current Loyalist faction contains. Too great an accommodation with the Regular party leaders will alienate the more militant blacks. Confrontations with the Regulars on issues like congressional representation may cause Mississippi's whites to flock to the Republican banner. Perhaps by the time Mississippi's Negroes have (hopefully) achieved their full electoral strength in a few years, there will have been enough liberalization in the state's political climate so that black-white alliances will be possible and more progressive-minded officials can be elected (although Mississippi's history provides little grounds for confidence on this point).

There are now some 75 elected black officials in the state; a black state chairman and black national committeeman are recognized by the national Democratic Party; and even in areas where Negroes are unable to elect their own public officials, they may be capable of electing more moderate whites. Few white candidates this year made the blatantly racist appeals of the past. And yet these gains are just first steps. The state has one black mayor out of 270, one black legislator out of 174, no black sheriffs, no black statewide officials. Tens of thousands of blacks go malnourished; only a small minority have good jobs or housing. Only eight percent of black children were in integrated schools this year, the lowest figure in the South. The state legislature continues to exhibit undying ingenuity in devising new methods to retard black political participation; a special session next month will likely consider new plans to finance segregated private schools. Terrorism has declined but convictions of Klan terrorists are still difficult to obtain; police violence and judicial discrimination continue.

Perhaps the blacks' greatest danger is that the rest of the nation, preoccupied with the war and its own racial problems, will conclude that things are "working themselves out down South." As long as outside scrutiny and pressure are maintained, favorable long-range trends such as growing black voting strength, the arrival from outside of white-collar and managerial groups to run new industries, and a loosening of the claustrophobic "closed society" of the past can continue to work their effects. But if the Voting Rights Act is not extended, if federal and private civil rights agencies are not adequately funded, if federal pressure for school integration is not maintained, if a real anti-hunger program is not launched, if the Democratic Party's official concern for reform is not made manifest, there is no guarantee that progress in Mississippi will not halt or even be reversed.

The Time to Stop the Nuclear Arms Race Is Now

Fear of a First Strike

by Ralph E. Lapp

On March 11, 1969 President Nixon sent to the Congress over his signature the eighth annual report of the US Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. The status of the arms race is described on page 13 and the conclusion is that "neither the United States nor the Soviet Union has a 'first-strike' capability; i.e. one that could destroy the other side's ability to retaliate with unacceptable damage. Most authoritative analysts are agreed that neither power can hope to achieve such a capability." Three days later Mr. Nixon announced his decision to deploy the Safeguard System. Phase I of this ABM system would be aimed at protecting some of our Minuteman ICBM silos.

The Administration's revamping of Johnson's Sentinel ABM system was based on a high-level review headed up by David Packard, the newly appointed Deputy Secretary of Defense. Mr. Packard held a press conference on March 14 but he did not explain why a Soviet first-strike capability had so suddenly popped into the strategic picture – as it were, in between Administrations. On March 20 Mr. Packard testified before a rare open session of the Senate Armed Services

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Committee and disclosed the basis for fear of a Soviet first strike. He displayed a *Comparison of Missile Forces* chart, showing the comparative numbers of US and Soviet ICBM's. This chart illustrated an equality of missile forces, with the Soviets having – according to a dotted line on the chart – about 150 "large missiles" and some 850 "small" ICBM's. Mr. Packard revealed that the "large" missile is the SS-9, a heavyweight ICBM, with a warhead of about 20 to 25 megatons or roughly a thousand times the power of the Nagasaki bomb. Defense Secretary Laird used the figure of 200 SS-9's and subsequently (testimony of May 22, released June 11) raised the number to 230.

John S. Foster, Jr., the Pentagon's research chief, defined the present danger from the Soviet SS-9's, which Mr. Packard singled out as the prime US cause for concern about a first strike, in Senate testimony on May 14: "There are now more than 200 SS-9 locations. If these missiles have a MIRV capability and each had a CEP of 0.5 nm, then they would pose a significant threat to the Minuteman system."

MIRV, needless to say, stands for multiple, independently targeted, reentry vehicles, each of which Mr. Packard disclosed has a warhead of 5 megatons. CEP stands for circular error of probability and is a measure of warhead accuracy, being the radius of a circle within which 50 percent of the warheads impact. In this example, the radius is half a nautical mile or one thousand yards. With such accuracy one needs 4.4 MIRV's to achieve a 95 percent probability of knocking out a hardened Minuteman silo. Simple computation shows that the present SS-9 force could knock out some 100 Minuteman silos, assuming two of three MIRV's achieve the stipulated accuracy.

Mr. Foster did not explain his use of the term "significant threat" but since 900 silos would be untouched, nothing approaching a first-strike threat would be involved.

The future threat of the SS-9 was spelled out by Mr. Foster as follows: "An ICBM with three independently aimed warheads can attack three silos. The US has designed, but not deployed, a system which allows a missile to signal the launch control-point if it has launched its re-entry vehicle properly. With this system, the control point could reprogram another missile to make up for failures. For example, a missile system having a 20 percent failure rate and carrying 3 re-entry vehicles per missile, would require only 420 missiles to attack 1,000 silos. If the yield of each re-entry vehicle was a reasonable 1/4 of a mile, about 95 percent of the silos could be destroyed. This would mean 50 of the Minutemen would survive."

It took two months to smoke this technical justification of the SS-9 first-strike threat from the Pentagon. It is important to state it fully, because it represents the basic underpinning of the Safeguard program. Scientists outside the Pentagon disagree with Mr. Foster's estimate of the situation. George Rathjens (M.I.T.), Marvin Kalkstein (SUNY at Stonybrook) and the present writer have published independent estimates of the SS-9 first-strike threat. These differ markedly in their conclusions from Mr. Foster's in that they arrive at very much lower levels of destruction of the Minuteman force. The explanation for the divergence of views is not to be found in any error of calculation, but rather in basic assumptions. Mr. Foster makes the assumption that one MIRV can be – and would be – targeted on a single Minuteman silo. This one-for-one targeting asks the hard-headed military man to invest vast faith in modern technology.

Consider, for example, how the Soviet planner must view the first strike against 1,000 silos, using Mr. Foster's launch of 420 SS-9's. A total MIRV force of 1,260 warheads is available at the launch sites. Mr. Foster assumes that 75 percent of these reach and kill their targets before any Minutemen are fired out of their holes. The US philosophy is that of riding out the attack and then responding. But Mr. Foster has admitted 20 percent failures so he presumably does not launch all 420 SS-9's in the first-strike, but allows for back-up strikes. Suppose 350 SS-9's constitute the first strike, then some 800 silos are struck but the rest have to be retargeted. Think what this really means in practice – some SS-9's will fail in the boost-phase, others will fail to MIRV and some will dispatch only one or two MIRV's on course. The attacker has to instantaneously assemble all these data on misfirings and malfunctions, enumerate the silos to be targeted, instruct the second flight of SS-9's and then proceed to launch again. This represents a highly complex and sophisticated attack sequence. Furthermore, it involves inevitable delays in the dispatch of the second flight of MIRV's. Surely, once the first flight starts impacting, the United States would begin responding. The Soviets would then be targeting "empty holes."

The "empty hole" represents the "worst possible" assumption the Soviet planner has to make and in such a high-risk situation he would have to assume the United States would launch Minutemen even before the first wave of MIRV's impacts. That is to say, we would fire on warning of the attack.

But to argue the case further is to be trapped into the Laird-Packard-Foster framework of assumption. Even if the Soviets could execute such a first strike on Minuteman bases, they would have to face the problem of destroying the rest of the US deterrent force *at the same time*. This means that they would have to be capable of eliminating the underseas missiles, i.e. Polaris and Poseidon *and* the B-52 strategic bombers at widely scattered bases *and* nuclear-capable aircraft based in Europe *and* aboard aircraft carriers. Furthermore, they would have to time-phase this attack for simultaneous arrival of warheads on *all* targets. These

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targets are globally dispersed so that an attack on one might give another minutes of warning.

The magnitude of the task facing Soviet strategists in planning a first strike is sensed when one realizes that the retaliatory strike from a *single* Poseidon submarine could amount to 224 warheads on Soviet cities.

The Nixon Administration's case for Safeguard would have been more credible had it first completed an overall review of US strategic posture and not jumped into the gap on the basis of a quick review of the ABM issue. Sentinel was ailing, to be sure, but it did not require heroic transformation. But let's assume that one "maximum possible threat" link is coupled to others, forming a chain to support the need for silo protection by ABM defenses; how good would such a system be? Here we enter into a numbers game because the power of an ABM system must ultimately be reckoned in terms of how many interceptor missiles are deployed. In the case of Safeguard the missiles are the Spartan, a long-range, above-the-atmosphere interceptor, and the Sprint, a missile designed to kill off warheads below an altitude of 100,000 feet. The Sprint is most critical to silo protection because Spartan is prone to being deceived by decoys.

How many Spartans and Sprints will be deployed in Phase I of Safeguard? The Pentagon will not release the numbers; last month, Mr. John Foster said: "The number of interceptors is kept secret for obvious reasons." Now it will be recalled that in announcing the Safeguard program, President Nixon justified his choice of ABM system on the basis that it was purely defensive and nonprovocative. Why then keep the number of Spartans and Sprints secret? This question strikes at the heart of the issue of provocation.

An argument heard in the Pentagon is that if we released the number of Safeguard interceptors, the Soviets would then know the maximum kill capability of the ABM system and they could increase their offensive missile strength to override it. To make this argument publicly is to sabotage Mr. Nixon's case for Safeguard being nonprovocative. But keeping the missile data secret is even more provocative, since the Soviets, following the well-trod path of planning-for-the-worst, will then build more ICBM's.

It is entirely possible that there is another basis for keeping the all-important Spartan-Sprint numbers secret. If disclosed, they might destroy the Administration's case for Safeguard. The numbers could be so small as to provide only "thin" protection for the 350 Minuteman silos to be defended. This contention is made plausible by examining the funding for Phase I of Safeguard. A total of $2.1 billion is stipulated for Phase I, of which $0.6 billion is for radars and a similar sum is earmarked for research, development, test and engineering. Taking construction costs into account this leaves well under $1 billion for missile procurement. But Mr. Foster has testified that a "hooked-in" (i.e. deployed) Spartan costs $3 million and a Sprint about $2 million. Defense experts believe it takes three to five interceptors to be sure of killing an incoming warhead; this includes allowance for wasting shots on decoys. Taking the lower number, this would mean having roughly a thousand missiles in the Phase I procurement, but clearly this is impossible.

The conclusion seems inescapable – the US Army is preparing to defend only part of the 350 Minuteman force in Montana and North Dakota. Will the Soviets believe this? Or will they plan for a thick defense and produce more ICBM's to counter this defense? The answers may actually hinge on Soviet interpretation of Phase II of Safeguard, which would deploy a national system of Spartans and Sprints. This phase of Safeguard is very similar to the old Sentinel, and even Pentagon officials admit that Sentinel could be viewed as provocative. The Soviets could view a national deployment of missiles as the first stage of a thick defense, designed to protect US cities from a Soviet second strike. Anything that erodes a Soviet second-strike capability must be viewed as very provocative.

The US response to the limited ABM deployment around Moscow (see *The New Republic*, p. 17, June 21) amounts to an increase in US missile power which the Soviets may interpret as adding to a first-strike potential. As seen through Soviet eyes, a US throw capability of ten-thousand warheads may seem

"I'm tired of Russian roulette, too. Let's play strip poker for a change."

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less like assured second-strike strength than a true first-strike capacity. Thus Safeguard may appear as added provocation.

It is highly dangerous at this stage of the arms race to let deterrent policy become such a mangled matter. A time of approximate parity in nuclear armaments is a time of maximum opportunity and if the arms race accelerates there may not be another such chance for agreement of the two great powers on strategic arms limitations. At the beginning of his term, President Kennedy had such an opportunity to negotiate but instead he chose a policy of "arms beyond doubt." And at that time Kennedy was on the safe side of the missile gap, i.e. an advantageous condition of nuclear disparity. Today, arms advocates would have the United States seek a new position of nuclear superiority as a precondition to peace.

Given present and near-future projections of our strategic posture, the United States can afford to test Soviet willingness to come to an arms agreement without running undue risks to its security. The Pentagon numerologists may not agree, but they have not made a convincing case for their panic prediction of a Soviet first strike, a prediction not shared by the intelligence community, according to *The New York Times* of June 18.

Furthermore, if mature judgment should indicate a deterrent fallibility of grave proportions, there are nonprovocative steps that we can take. For example, the US deterrent credibility can be reinforced by the establishment of a first-strike warning system. Elements of this system already exist and could be fused to one now in development and joined by still another, if added insurance is needed. The basic purpose of this global alarm system would be to provide the President with reliable information about a Soviet first strike, so he could order release of Minuteman ICBM's.

The earliest warning in this global system could be provided by an Air Force system now under development and test. This system consists of heat-sensing satellites that look down on Soviet launch areas and detect the exhaust emissions of ICBM's during their boost phase. Such orbital detectors could sound a general alarm of an impending attack as much as 30 minutes before warhead impact (only a minute is needed to launch a Minuteman). Since rocket emissions persist above the earth's cloud cover, they cannot be concealed from the wide-angle heat sensors aboard orbiting "inspectors."

A back-up to satellite detection is the OTH (Over The Horizon) radars now operational at permanent overseas bases. These radars give as much as 25 minutes of advance warning of an attack by detecting rocket trajectories during the ascent phase. Three BMEWS (Ballistic Missile Early Warning System) radars form a third tier in this proposed global network. They are located at Clear, Alaska; Thule, Greenland and Fylingdales, England. Their huge, 165-foot high, 400-foot long antennas pick up ICBM trajectories 22 minutes prior to impact time. Trajectories can be analyzed by BMEWS electronics to allow a measure of decoy discrimination and prediction of impact.

An extra margin of insurance can be added to this system by siting two new radars, preferably in Canada – with permission and cooperation – to positively identify the attacking objects and to provide unequivocal decision-information about the nature of the attack. These would be modified PAR (Perimeter Acquisition Radar) type radars already developed for the Safeguard program. They would, however, be "naked" PAR's, i.e. undefended by Sprint missiles.

There could be no mistaking the purely defensive character of this global first-strike warning system. Its deployment should not provoke any reaction from the Soviets other than to convince them that a first strike would be highly irrational. Since deterrence is a state of mind, Soviet planners in viewing such an alarm system would have to assume it would work and that a US President would base his actions on it. All of which in the Soviet mind should add up to "empty holes" as targets for their ICBM's and make a first strike an act of futility and suicide.

It is important to note that the United States does not have to enunciate a national policy of firing Minutemen based on warning. It is sufficient to deploy the warning system and leave the Soviets the problem of interpreting just what US policy is. For a high-risk situation Soviet planners would have to make conservative assumptions.

Defense officials pretend to be aghast at such proposals, arguing that the US should ride out an attack before responding with a Minuteman salvo. But considering the foreknowledge of an attack as provided by a four-tiered global system, it would be folly to wait additional minutes and chance the destruction of our retaliatory capacity – assuming that it is really in jeopardy. Modern radar systems are no longer in the primitive condition of the 1950's when there was worry that they could misinterpet signals from a flock of geese or a moon aberration. After all, the US Army is depending on the precise performance of PAR to make possible the Safeguard program.

Those who would plunge the United States further into a nuclear arms race seem to forget that the basic purpose of our deterrent apparatus is to buy us time. If this means anything, it is time to come to some arms agreements such as might arise from SALT (strategic arms limitation talks) this summer. America's $80-billion arms establishment, basically an architecture of fear, exhibits great inertia in moving towards these talks. There is no reason to believe it will be more eager in the mid-seventies, when Fortress America would possess ABM defenses and MIRV offenses.

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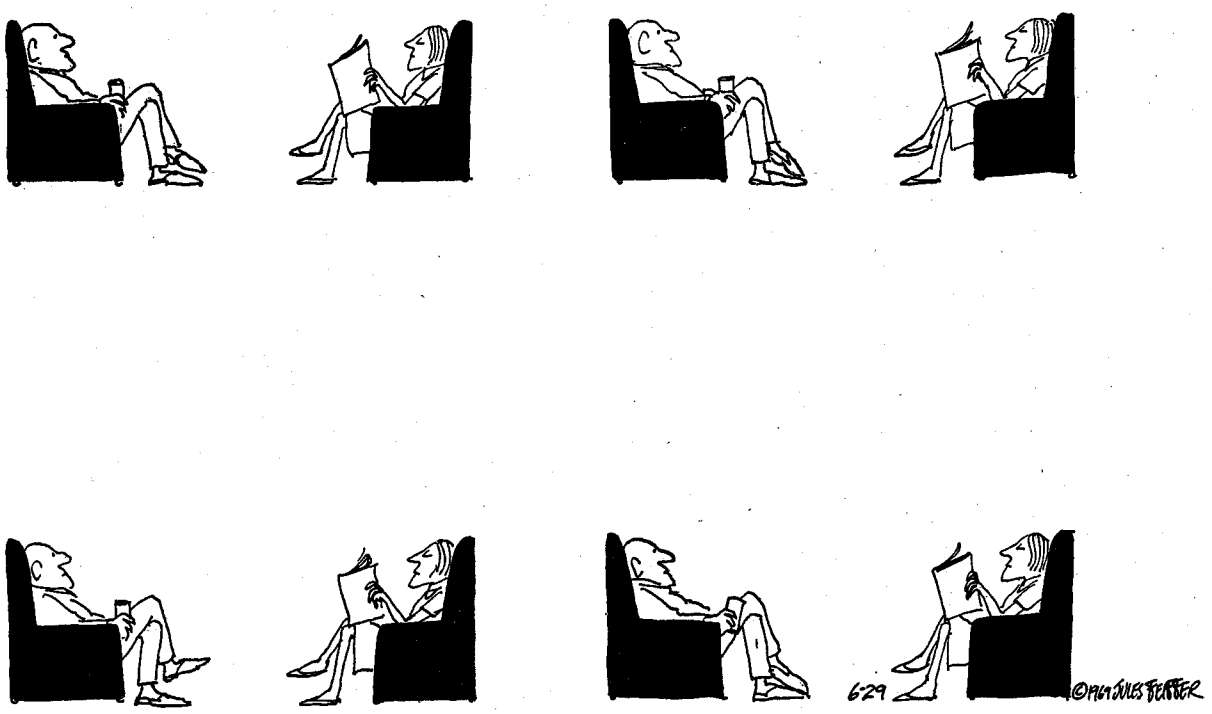
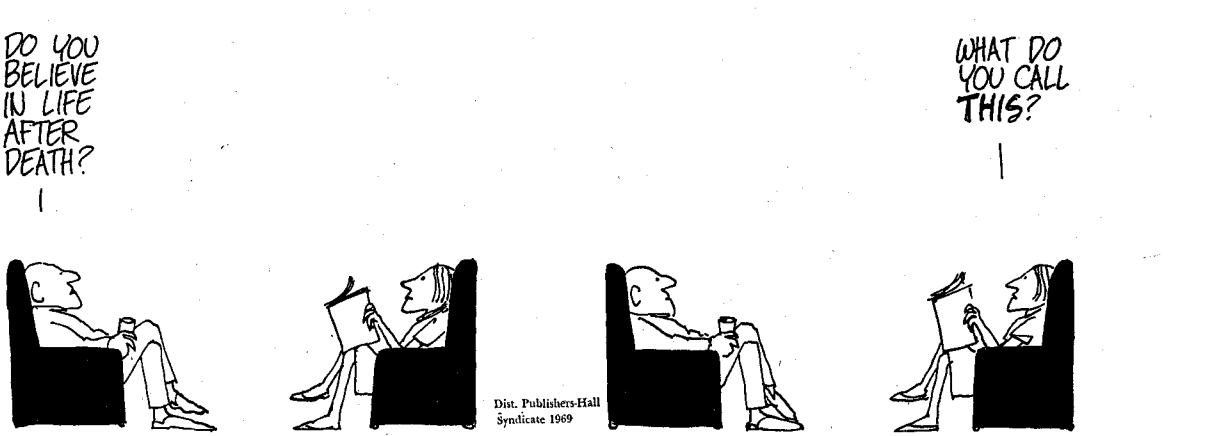
JULES FEIFFER





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Stanley Kauffmann on films

The Lost Man
Universal

The Chairman
Twentieth Century-Fox

Film Scripts
Various publishers

Still more from the Doom Boom. Just last week, apropos of *Che!*, I was discussing flaccid pop films about some towering problems and threats, and here are two more agony-exploiters.

The Lost Man, with Sidney Poitier, marks an odd coincidence. Recently we had *Up Tight*, about the American black revolution, which was a remake of a film about the Irish revolution – John Ford's *The Informer*. *The Lost Man* is apparently following suit, although there's no publicity about it: again a black militant film based on an Irish militant film. The script by Robert Alan Aurthur comes from a novel by Frederick Lawrence Green. I take this to be the F. L. Green whose novel *Odd Man Out*, with Green as co-author of the screenplay, was filmed by Carol Reed in 1946. The outlines of the films are roughly the same. A group of revolutionaries rob a factory in order to get money for the cause. In the holdup, the leader has to kill a man and is himself wounded, and we watch his last hours before death. In Reed's picture there is a scene in which a mad artist (Robert Newton) tries to paint the death in the eyes of the dying man (James Mason). In a preview version of the Poitier film, there was a scene, now eliminated, in which a hippie photographer tries to catch the death in Poitier's eyes.

Odd Man Out, James Agee said with qualified admiration, is a series of tableaux intended to suggest the Stations of the Cross. *The Lost Man* has no such ambition; what ambition it does have is muddled and trivial. It begins in an atmosphere of racial tension and of inner tension between activist and nonviolent blacks, but it quickly fizzles into just another hunted-man thriller, which asks sympathy for the murderer because we know why he did it. Aurthur, who used to manufacture TV scripts on Big Problems, has stitched in a story about a white girl, the daughter of a liberal lawyer, who loves Poitier and dies with him.

Poitier is tense, but he must have difficulty these days remembering just which picture he is being tense in. Joanna Shimkus, the girl, is one of the blandest of the recent crop of girls. Al Freeman, Jr., a good actor, is straitjacketed by a cardboard part. Michael Tolan, the chief detective, seems to have in mind (as usual with him) some unidentified actor he's trying to imitate, adding an individual touch by letting his jaw drop in tense moments instead of being tight-lipped. Aurthur directed, no more creditably than he wrote.

The Chairman gives us Gregory Peck in his umptieth appearance as a modest great guy and also gives us Mao Tse-tung in his first American film. (Played by Conrad Yama.) It tells how an American Nobel-prize scientist goes openly to China to investigate an important plant-growth enzyme. He is sent by the US government, which has implanted a tiny radio transmitter in his skull, behind his right ear, so that he can report directly – via a US satellite over China – on everything he learns, even if he can't get out.

Although Peck's face is pleasant enough, I must say that the idea that there is something live in his skull is a refreshing change. The picture starts, as most of these things do, as if it were going to be an intelligent physicalized allegory of abstractions, but very quickly it degenerates, as they usually do, into a rehash of mishmash. Two noteworthy points. Anne Heywood, the highly attractive actress who was so good in *The Fox*, is costarred but wasted in a tiny part. And our hero's rescue from the Chinese Reds is effected by Soviet troops. Politics may still make strange bedfellows, but now bedfellows make strange politics.

Both of these films (the second directed by the pedestrian J. Lee Thompson) use new editing styles at about the level of inferior TV commercials. At one point in *The Chairman*, when the action on the Sino-Soviet border is being followed moment by moment in SAC headquarters via Peck's cranial radio, there is a hint of aesthetic and metaphysical possibility – global electronics altering spatial and personal relationships. But Thompson uses it only for gadgetry.

An important development in film-book publishing has gone largely unnoticed. More and more film scripts are being put into print and, when the films are foreign (as they mostly are), the translations are usually new. Probably the first major step in the last decade was taken by Simon and Schuster with *Four Screenplays of Ingmar Bergman* (1960), followed by Orion Press with *Screenplays of Michelangelo Antonioni* (1963). Both publishers have since pressed on and have been joined by others.

In 1967 Orion published Bergman's *Film Trilogy (Through a Glass Darkly, Winter Light,* and *The Silence)*. In 1968 Orion published two more volumes, *Miracle in Milan* by De Sica and (together) *The Blood of a Poet* and *The Testament of Orpheus* by Cocteau.

All the above were hardbound books and almost all are now available in paper. All were illustrated with photographs, and almost all had some introductory matter.

In 1968 Simon and Schuster launched a double paperbound series, Classic Film Scripts and Modern Film Scripts. (Apparently Classic and Modern mean pre- and post-World War II.) The former include *Potemkin, Grand Illusion, The Blue Angel, M, Children of Paradise,* and (together) *L'Age d'Or and Un Chien Andalou*. The latter include *Jules and Jim, Alphaville, The Seventh Seal, Ikiru,* and *The Third Man,* with *The Bicycle Thief* coming shortly. The price is $1.95 (except *Children of Paradise,* longer, at $2.95), and they are sewn books – not merely glued together in so-called "perfect binding" – which is a considerable factor when buying paperbounds for long use. Many of them contain a little introductory material, and all of them have clumps of photographs.

Incomparably the best film-script series has been started by Grove Press under the general editorship of Robert Hughes, himself a film-maker. (Grove has done scripts before, but this is a new series.) Three titles have appeared so far, *L'Avventura, Masculine Feminine,* and *The 400 Blows,* with *Rashomon* on the way. They are

(Continued on page 33)

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Morris Dickstein: Nabokov's Folly

Ada, or Ardor: A Family Chronicle by Vladimir Nabokov

(McGraw-Hill; $8.95)

If the first reviews are any indication *Ada* may become the most overpraised novel of the decade. The ready superlatives of commerce and publicity have joined with the exegetical talents of a new breed of critics to launch an instant masterpiece. This would be curious and revealing even if *Ada* merely fell short of greatness. Unfortunately the book is a disaster – overblown, overwritten, full of complicity with the reverent explication that it strains to evoke.

We can perhaps best understand the paradox of the book's prodigious ambitions and final imaginative vacancy by scrutinizing Nabokov's aesthetic, which here he carries to its logical conclusion. Nabokov has always conceived of himself as a poet and fabulist rather than a novelist – an inventor, tale-teller and stylist rather than the purveyor of "real" characters and milieus. In his postscript to *Lolita* he speaks of the problem of "inventing America," which resulted, he claims, in a world "just as fantastic and personal" as his previous European settings. This is far from the truth. The America of *Lolita*, though refracted through a brilliant satirical prism, remains perversely real: it is the pop and kitsch junkyard of the early 1950's, the novelistic counterpart of the many alarming visions of "mass culture" current at the time. Nabokov often denounced social and psychological realism and booby-trapped his books with alienation effects and distancing devices, yet his own best work, such as *Lolita* and *Pnin*, was done when he struck a truce with realism rather than abjuring it completely as he does in *Ada*.

Ada takes place on a nowhere-world called Antiterra, in a country named Amerussia ruled by one Abraham Milton. The existence of our world, Terra, is a matter for philosophical speculation and cultist faith. The book's hero, future professor and novelist Van Veen, is a man who likes to walk on his hands, "not for the sake of the trick's difficulty, but in order to perceive an ascending waterfall or a sunrise in reverse" – it is reality inverted by vision, a metaphor for the book as a whole. Van's unusual avocation, we are told, provides him with a rapture "akin to that of artistic revelation." His literary career, of which the autobiographical *Ada* will be the culminating work, is foreshadowed by his circus performances:

> "Van on the stage was performing organically what his figures of speech were to perform later in life – acrobatic wonders that had never been expected from them and which frightened children."

The notion of the artist as verbal acrobat, which Nabokov takes all too seriously, is one key to his failure in *Ada*. In this light his last novel, *Pale Fire* (1962), can be seen as an antecedent and an ominous portent, as much a stunt as a novel. *Pale Fire* is at least a unified stunt, and it is partly redeemed by the lively tension between the imaginary poet Shade and the mad commentator Kinbote. *Ada*, however, abandons not only reality but artistic unity: it performs a different stunt on every page. It is a ragbag of effects, a poor man's *Ulysses*, one of the most self-indulgent and self-caressing books ever written.

Take the characters for example. Van Veen is a portrait of the artist as stud, philosopher, physical *and* verbal acrobat. He is also burdened with a wide assortment of Nabokov's own crotchets (previously confined to prefaces and interviews, now defacing the text itself). We are asked to think that Van also becomes a famous psychiatrist, which gives Nabokov many openings to assault the nonsense of one "Sig" (Dr. Froit of "Signy-Mondieu-Mondieu" – this is the level of the book's satire). Poor Ada, Van's only true love for over four decades, is forced by the author to spend her downy nymphet years as an entomologist. Why? Because Nabokov himself is one: the fictional masks (like Byron's) must be kept loose, the author must bestride the book as almost its only character.

Yet most of *Ada* half-heartedly pretends to be a story of men and women. Van and Ada are so boringly healthy, so empty; what interest can we have in their "ardor"? We are told that "Ada's letters breathed, writhed, lived." The ones we read are trivial or mildly charming. The secondary characters are hardly worth mentioning. Frequently present but minimally *there*, they are strictly Grand Guignol – Ada's sister, the hysterical sex-starved virgin Lucette; coarse, sluttish Marina; the mad Aqua; dashing Demon, Van's father. These characters form a backdrop and prop up the action here and there, but they exist mainly for an occasional set-piece of verbal virtuosity by the author (Lucette's suicide, for instance).

Their doings are described in prose whose shade is never far from purple:

> "Presently, the long sobs of the violins began to affect and almost choke Van and Ada: a juvenile conditioning of romantic appeal, which at one moment forced tearful Ada to go and 'powder her nose' while Van stood up with a spasmodic sob, which he cursed but could not control."

This is ironic of course, but only superficially. Nowhere does the novel offer an alternative to the egregious styles it parodies but relies upon. Satire and sentimentality turn out to be near allied. The formula: melodramatic excess manipulated with a knowing leer of satiric superiority. Nabokov talks of "that originality of literary style which constitutes the only real

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honesty of a writer," yet in *Ada* he trades in his own rich and supple medium for a scrappy texture of parody and put-on. Humbert Humbert's style of exaggeration, at once hilarious and controlled, replete with every nuance of personal and cultural decadence, here finds its unintended caricature. In Van Veen's hands it is truly decadent, a style in search of a subject.

Nowhere is *Ada*'s style more faulty and the comparison to *Lolita* more unflattering than in the sexual scenes. Nabokov has taken advantage of our new freedom of sexual description, but what a dubious advantage it turns out to be. Everything is reduced to physiological detail, but rendered in a coy, hothouse language that both titillates and withholds, pants and pleads innocence. Ada touches Van's penis for the first time: "Her index traced the blue Nile down into its jungle and traveled up again." A few moments later: "He groped for and cupped her hot little slew from behind, then frantically scrambled into a boy's sandcastle-molding position; but she turned over, naively ready to receive him as Juliet is recommended to receive her Romeo." The pretentious metaphors and allusions don't conceal, indeed they are central to, the pornographic strategy. If *Lolita* was *about* a dirty old man then parts of *Ada* read as if they were written by one.

It is not Nabokov himself that is at issue but the impoverishment of his writing. Sex in *Ada*, as in more truly pornographic works, is reduced to squeezes and squirts, to quantities of orgasms, to scratching what Ada calls "an insatiable itch," a "red rash," by means of "the ecstasy of friction." Since it was Van who first stirred that itch, Ada claims the right to be promiscuous when he is not there to soothe it. Van does not agree but deals similarly with his own "ruttish ache" ("he could never go without girl pleasure for more than forty-eight hours"). This means that Nabokov's emotional range, at best narrow if deep and intense, has thoroughly collapsed. John Hollander once wrote that "there is no clinical, sociological, or mythic seriousness in *Lolita*, but it flames with a tremendous perversity of an unexpected kind." Perversity flares again with Kinbote in *Pale Fire* but it is merely simulated in the incest-motif of *Ada*. Van and Ada are brother and sister only by fiat; except for those wayward itches and aches there could hardly be a more well-adjusted couple. When Van's father stumbles upon their love nest and forces them to separate, we wonder what the fuss is about, since most conduct, sexual and otherwise, in *Ada* has few human consequences and no moral coordinates. When Van helps drive Lucette to suicide he writes an eloquent explanation which partly suppresses his own role. His father finds the letter beautiful and moving. Ada finds it beautiful and moving. This is the last we hear of Van and poor Lucette. As sex is reduced to friction all behavior is reduced to gesture, aesthetic gesture, art.

Art swallows and redeems everything. The lives of Van and Ada become a book. They "die, as it were, *into* the finished book, into Eden or Hades, into the prose of the book or the poetry of its blurb." Van describes his narrative as "a series of sixty-year-old actions which now I can grind into extinction only by working on a succession of words until the rhythm is right." Experience into words, that is what art is about, but not all art sees itself as an "extinction" of experience or puts so much stress on getting the rhythm right. This is where *Ada* is alive – in words, copulating with each other, multiplying likenesses, dancing along a spectrum of sound and sense through several languages. It is fun, but only occasionally does it advance from the bizarre to the profound, when the shock of original metaphor uncovers hidden truth. Lucette tries "to think up something amusing, harmless, and scintillating to say in a suicide note. But she had planned everything except that note, so she tore her blank life in two and disposed of the pieces in the W.C."

Nabokov displays his unique genius in such small touches, but on the altar of that genius he sacrifices many of his best novelistic resources. Nietzsche pinpointed the malady in his description of literary decadence in *The Case of Wagner*:

> "The word becomes sovereign and leaps out of the sentence, the sentence reaches out and obscures the meaning of the page, the page gains life at the expense of the whole – the whole is no longer a whole. . . .

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the vibration and exuberance of life pushed back into the smallest forms; the rest, *poor* in life. . . . The whole is no longer a whole: it is composite, calculated, artificial, and artifact."

Ada marks the betrayal of the Nabokov who wrote *Lolita* and *Pnin*, whose calculations kept touch with human feelings and predicaments, whose aestheticism could therefore issue in artistic and human wholeness. It is the hollow triumph of that other Nabokov, the formal trickster, exotic pedant and language-gamester, the last and perhaps least of the great modernist writers.

A. J. Langguth: Tales of the Times

The Kingdom and the Power by Gay Talese

(World; $10.00)

Early in Gay Talese's book about the struggles for power within *The New York Times*, he tells this story:

> "One night, after a small dinner party in New York, [Tom] Wicker became locked in a debate with James Baldwin, a smoldering scene in which Baldwin occasionally jumped to his feet to shriek insults down at Wicker, the white devil from the South, and the evening later became so filled with fury that Wicker's wife left the table angrily in tears. But Wicker remained cool under the barrage of hysteria from Baldwin and another Negro at the table, debating them point for point, and he probably got the better of most exchanges that evening without ever resorting to rage."

For Talese's purposes, that episode is perfect. In Baldwin, he has a famous name to catch and hold the reader's interest. Neva Wicker flees in tears, only the first in a parade of men and women who will weep their way through the next five hundred pages. With a few deft phrases, tiny James Baldwin can be made to terrorize tall and husky Tom Wicker. And when Talese concludes that Wicker "probably" carried the evening, the reader admires Talese's judiciousness. Certainly Wicker won. We have watched the scene in our minds and we have no doubt at all.

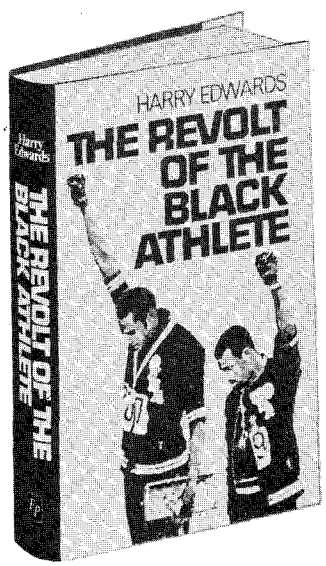
Only one element is lacking in that story, the element missing from much of the rest of this book. What was the argument about? Talese doesn't say.

Dozens of times Talese recreates in absorbing detail the conflicts between one man and another, between writer and editor, the New York office and the bureau in Washington, the Sunday department and the weekday. But somehow the substance of these debates hardly seems to matter and real differences of policy are reduced to a series of petty squabbles.

Yet the book is fascinating, laden as it is, behind a genial facade, with adroit and ill-natured tattle. Talese is a romantic who can find glamour in that drab factory on 43rd Street and excitement in dissecting its cautious managers. His long gallery of portraits begins with Adolph Ochs, the publisher who built the paper into a world institution, and concludes with his grandson, the current publisher, Arthur Ochs "Punch" Sulzberger. Around them, maneuvering for position in serpentine ways, twist the dozens of editors and executives who must put out the newspaper each day.

Most of these men learn that position

"...a black athlete finds that his equals are not his white teammates, but basketballs, baseballs, and jock straps..."



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does not always translate into power. Talese reminds us how total has remained the authority of the self-effacing family that owns *The New York Times*. On his evidence, the highest editor may find his power curtailed at just the moment he seeks to exercise it. As managing editor, Clifton Daniel could not save the job of a drama critic. Turner Catledge, although he was the executive editor, could not replace the chief correspondent in Washington. When major decisions are to be made, the Ochs family run their newspaper. And given Talese's evaluation of their employees, few readers will regret it.

Talese first takes up Daniel, the white-haired managing editor, son-in-law to Harry Truman, and, by Talese's reckoning, foppish, snobbish, and possessed of other traits even less endearing. Talese does not put his indictment so bluntly for he has a long book to write and a lambent style in which to cast it. But if Daniel has a redeeming feature, Talese blinked quickly and passed on. (No, to be entirely fair, Talese does scruple to record that Daniel once sent a gift cuckoo clock from Switzerland to the postal clerk in his hometown of Zebulon, North Carolina.)

While Talese spins out his case against Daniel at his leisure, he is considerably more crisp in disposing of minor characters. A former book reviewer on the paper is shown up as the worst kind of organizational toady, all in one-and-a-half pages. His portrait of a young reporter as a bragging fool is etched in 28 lines.

With other major characters, Talese uses the technique he developed for his earlier magazine profiles of show business figures like Josh Logan and Peter O'Toole. He finds a wound, usually a childhood trauma, that will symbolize his subject and make clear his adult complexities. Thus we learn that John Oakes' mother died at his birth and he was raised by an aunt. Punch Sulzberger was forced at prep school to change his writing from left-handed to right. Craig Claiborne was called "sissy" by his high school math teacher. As a young man, Abe Rosenthal received treatment for osteomyelitis in a hospital charity ward.

So, with their serious work slighted, and the quick analysis of their characters drawn from unhappy moments in their youth, the men passing under Talese's scrutiny are shrunken further and further until the reader can join with no hesitation in patronizing the by-line names he has read for years.

By choosing to analyze some very minor examples of reportage, Talese reduces his subject even further. He devotes 22 pages to the experiences of John Corry in covering the flurry between the Kennedy family and William Manchester two-and-a-half years ago. When that segment first appeared in *Esquire* magazine, it was timely and amusing; in the book, as one of the few detailed descriptions of a reporter at work, the episode seems dated and irrelevant.

The same is true of the squalid story of Daniel Burros. He was the political fanatic who was driven to suicide by the disclosures of a *Times* reporter who happened to be a religious fanatic. These are the two long illustrations Talese offers of *Times*men in action. Nobody emerges from either of them with much distinction.

In the same period, after all, men were reporting more interesting and important stories for *The Times*. Mike Handler, covering Malcolm X, became one of the few white men he trusted, and talked with him by the hour during his last metamorphosis. David Halberstam helped to bring down a corrupt and cruel government in South Vietnam. Peter Kihss retraced the steps of Lee Harvey Oswald through Mexico, helping to establish the thesis that Oswald acted alone in killing the President. Homer Bigart forced the suffering in Appalachia upon government officials who could ignore the state of West Virginia but not the front page of *The New York Times*. If there is power in a newspaper like *The Times*, it rests in this type of work, not in a title or a desk on the third floor.

Except for a nod to Halberstam, Talese ignores these issues. He omits, too, any discussion of the areas in which the paper may have exerted real power within its own city. Little is said about whom *The Times* has supported politically through the years, less about what a *Times* endorsement means in coverage or contributions. To his cursory mention of Claude Sitton's fine reporting from the South, Talese adds no clue as to what, if any-

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thing, *The Times* was telling its readers about Harlem during those same years.

To judge from Talese, the editors are not so much interested in publishing a paper as securing a higher spot on the masthead. Harrison Salisbury's trip to Hanoi was interesting, Talese would grant that, but he manages to convey that its real importance was in forestalling attempts to dislodge Salisbury from his post as assistant managing editor.

The same technique that makes the book so readable adds to Talese's problems in capturing the essence of his characters. Taking material from extensive interviews, Talese has fashioned a narrative that tells, in Talese's words, what each editor thought and felt at his moment of bureaucratic crisis. Since Talese seldom quotes them directly, the reader hears mostly a smooth omniscient voice that sees all, tells all, but misses in its crystalline high style any distinctive rough edges. As one instance, Clifton Daniel flecks his language with a down-home vulgarity that takes some of the curse off his impeccable tailoring and, incidentally belies Talese's suggestion that Daniel is ashamed of his small-town upbringing. Though Salisbury is given his due as the most accomplished man on the paper, Talese's rolling prose can only describe, never really catch, Salsibury's jagged brilliance or a rudeness so direct and unconscious that it knocks the wind from its victims.

With most of the book already seen in *Esquire* and *Harper's*, the strongest reaction has been to Talese's portrait of the man who is *The Times* incarnate, James Reston. Readers seem astounded that benevolent Scotty Reston, so quick to defend the vagaries of powerful men in Washington, should be less forebearing with his colleagues on *The Times*. Or that a man who has watched master intriguers glide through the Capital should adapt a few of their techniques to his dealings with the New York office.

Near the book's end, Reston hints that he might resign over an attempt by the New York editors to remove Wicker as Washington bureau chief. Meticulously Talese has prepared his readers for that showdown and even for the way Reston was sure to react. Issuing his ultimatum to Punch Sulzberger, Reston disclaimed any personal motive. Apparently, he said, young men's blood was going to flow, not older men's blood. But he, Reston, was with the younger men.

That is what he is quoted as telling his publisher, but Talese is not fooled, nor by that time is the reader. Reston was fighting for himself, not for younger men but for his own corporate standing. He won. In winning, he became editor of *The Times*. There was nothing disgraceful in his fight for survival nor in his defining his role in the battle in its most altruistic terms.

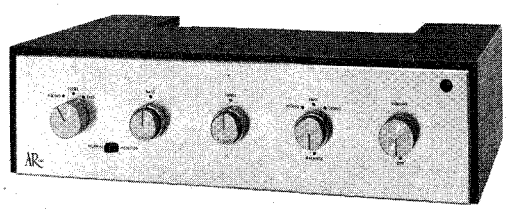
But the career of James Reston can raise larger and less personal questions about *The Times*. Talese reviews the dispute in 1961 within the editorial offices about publishing what was known about the CIA training of guerrillas for an invasion of Cuba. Ted Bernstein, a *Times* assistant managing editor in New York, wanted to publish everything the reporters had collected. Reston, who had learned that an invasion was imminent, argued for more circumspect handling of the news. As usual, his view prevailed.

Afterward, with the Bay of Pigs syn-

Notes on Contributors

MORRIS DICKSTEIN *teaches English at Columbia University.* A. J. LANGGUTH *is the author of the novel,* Jesus Christs, *and was formerly a* New York Times *correspondent in Vietnam.*

the AR *amplifier*



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onymous with disgrace and defeat, John Kennedy told Catledge that if *The Times* had printed everything it knew, the operation might have been cancelled and the United States spared its ignominy. In his series of lectures published as "The Artillery of The Press," Reston quoted that exchange between Catledge and the President without revealing his own role in helping to suppress the news.

Throughout those same lectures, Reston argued that the responsible government official and the responsible reporter assigned to cover foreign affairs are not in conflict 90 percent of the time. They have most to gain, he says, by cooperating. If one views the role of the press as a conduit for official explanations – and, when necessary, apologies – Reston may be right. He regrets there are not more Arthur Schlesingers, McGeorge Bundys, Kenneth Galbraiths moving between government, the academies and the newspapers, to give readers direct explanations from men who have made government policy.

But the role of the press may be something more than educational. Take, as contrast, the response of Reston and another Washington correspondent to the Tonkin Bay incident in August 1964. The day after US bombers had attacked naval bases in North Vietnam as retaliation for the alleged shellings of two American warships, Reston wrote in a new analysis that the US bombings had not been "an invitation to expand the war but to negotiate. . . ." He did not mention the fact that the strike had come during a Presidential campaign in which the Republicans were already charging Johnson with softness in Vietnam.

Reston did include this paragraph, however: "Even those men here who had opposed Mr. Johnson in the past, and wondered how he would act under fire, were saying that now they had a Commander in Chief who was better under pressure than they had ever seen him."

With notices like that, is it so surprising that Lyndon Johnson approached each new escalation with jaw jutted and ear cocked for more applause?

That same month, another columnist, I. F. Stone, examined the Tonkin Bay incident. He cited the US Naval Academy's handbook, *International Law for Sea-going Officers*, to show that Johnson's response was based on dubious law. From Hackworth's *Digest*, the State Department's guidebook, he quoted a warning that reprisals were never to be taken "merely for revenge."

Stone then asked:

> "To fly sixty-four bombing sorties in reprisal over four North Vietnamese bases and an oil depot, destroying or damaging twenty-five North Vietnamese PT boats, a major part of that tiny navy, was hardly punishment to fit the crime. What was our hurry? Why did we have to shoot from the hip and then go to the Security Council? Who was Johnson trying to impress? Ho Chi Minh? Or Barry Goldwater?"

Murray Kempton once said of James Reston that he was not a man of the left or a man of the right but a man of *The Times*. Stone, of course, is his own man. But even allowing for the usefulness of an establishment columnist in the establishment newspaper, has *The Times'* Washington bureau been too small over the years for an I. F. Stone, a Clark Mollenhoff, Fred Cook, Richard Dudman? Or a Peter Kihss?

Possibly that question of a newspaper's role and responsibility was behind the final power struggle Talese records, the tugging and hauling over Wicker, although it is hard to see how the New York editors hoped to effect change with a man so politically obliged as James Greenfield. The whole affair proved once again that if change comes to *The Times*, it will initiate with the publisher. Punch Sulzberger's mother, Iphigene Sulzberger, has a favorite story that executives like Reston and Daniel have taken to quoting in their own speeches:

A medieval traveler meets three stonecutters along a road one day and asks each what he is doing. The first says, "I am cutting stone." The second says, "I am making a corner stone." The third, "I am building a cathedral." Mrs. Sulzburger then draws a moral: *The Times* is a great newspaper because most of its staff are cathedral builders, not stonecutters.

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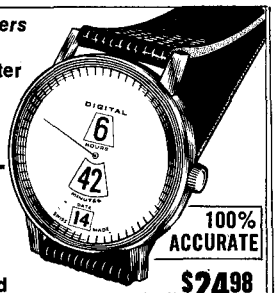

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what the paper may need to maintain its rank and stature are a few more modest stonecutters – men with heads down and backs thrown into their work, men swinging freely without a worry about where the chips are falling around them.

Kauffmann, *from page 26*

paperbound at $1.95 – not sewn, which is a pity – and are profusely illustrated with photographs inset at the appropriate places in the text. And nearly all the pictures are enlargements of frames in the film itself, not stills taken by a photographer on the set. (Stills are like paraphrases of an original statement.)

Spot checks of the texts show them to be in fluent English. (The Grove *L'Avventura* is much better translated than the Orion.) Each of the films is given in a kind of shooting script form; the reader can treat it simply as reading material, the student can see the general camera plan of each shot and can see how long each shot runs. Omitted and variant scenes are appended in two of the books. When the films are based on stories – like *Masculine Feminine* and *Rashomon* – the original stories are included. (*Rashomon* also includes a bit of the script of *The Outrage*, the American remake.) Finally, there is a considerable amount of supplementary material in each book, such as interviews and reviews, most of which is not easily available elsewhere.

I have some small reservations about these Grove editions. I don't see the reason for including trivial newspaper reviews in the Godard and Antonioni. These reviews reflect popular attitudes at the moment of the picture's appearance, but that, although interesting in itself, is a quite different critical subject from the intrinsic study of a work. Further, the omission of those ephemera would have left room for detailed filmographies. Nevertheless, these Grove books are the products of intelligence, knowledge, and care.

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PICASSO'S EROTIC ENGRAVINGS

On March 16, 1968, Pablo Picasso, the pre-eminent artist of our time, commenced work on a series of engravings that he predicted would become "my most sought-after—and possibly scandalous—work." They were to be a series of pictures portraying every aspect of sexual pleasure. Picasso had wanted to create such a series for over 65 years, he confided to Aldo Crommelynck, his engraving-press printer, and he intended it to stand as "an abiding celebration of life itself."

For nearly seven months Picasso worked in a creative frenzy at his studio in Mougins, France, turning out as many as four engravings in a single day, often with as many as six variations of each. "Ole!", "Bravo!", "Magnifico!", he would exclaim as each new engraving was pulled from the press, and so ecstatic was he over the quality of the work that on several occasions he summoned friends from as far off as London and New York to view the work in progress. Finally, on October 5th, he bundled the engravings together, inscribed them with the title "347 Gravures," and announced "Ya!" ("It is finished!").

The engravings Picasso had created are, collectively, his masterwork, a fitting climax to the career of a man whose dedication, both in personal life and work, has been to the sensual. "Without the awakening of ardent love, no life—and therefore no art—has any meaning," Picasso is quoted by his biographer, Roland Penrose, as saying. And nowhere in the prodigious, 20,000-piece *oeuvre* of this fertile genius has ardent love been more beautifully—or joyfully—portrayed. Throughout the engravings voluptuous majas surrender themselves, lustful satyrs disport, and troupes of swooning acrobats perform in a circus of love. Picasso's irrepressible love of mischief is in evidence, too, in scenes of grandees cuckolded, harems invaded, and models seduced by lecherous painters. The last theme is the one most often repeated in the series, with the painters puckishly made to resemble Rembrandt, Raphael, and, of course, Picasso himself. (Picasso's lifelong friend, Max Jacob, has said, "Picasso would much rather be remembered as a famous Don Juan than an artist.") All in all, Picasso's "347 Gravures" reflect such consummate craftsmanship, timeless subject matter, and sublime inspiration as to ensure their place as the greatest art treasure of the 20th Century.

If the artistic value of "347 Gravures" is considerable, its commercial value is perhaps even greater. The engravings, which have been printed in a limited edition of 50 sets, have fetched a price of *ten million dollars!* This is more than has ever before been paid for a work of art. Moreover, because of rumors that circulated throughout the art world concerning the superexcellence of the engravings, all 50 sets were subscribed to even before Picasso had finished making them!

Art critics who have seen the engravings have been positively apostolic in their praise. "These etchings reach the zenith of man's creative power. They rank with 'Hamlet,' Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, and Michelangelo's 'Last Judgment.' That is to say, they are classic," says Robert Glauber, of Skyline. LIFE: "Picasso's most trenchant exploration of sex and sexuality ...As never before, the master seems bent on describing that idyllic state wherein the spirit and flesh are one." Herald-Tribune (Paris): "A major undertaking...amazing...extraordinary ...staggering...incredible. Picasso's brilliance conquers all." TIME: "A virtuoso performance." Armand St. Clair, Revue de Paris: "Mesmerizing ...If I had a choice among all the works Picasso has produced, I would take this one without hesitation." Franz Schulze, Chicago Daily News: "What a difference between Picasso's view of sex and the sniggering, guilt-ridden American pornography of today." Brian Fitzherbert, Nova: "Once again, Picasso demonstrates his astounding power of regeneration." Harold Joachim, Curator of Prints, Art Institute of Chicago: "Astonishing...A compelling testimony of Picasso's amazing energy and power of invention at the age of 87." Harold Haydon, Chicago Sun-Times: "A great surprise package ...Unparalleled for sustained interest and quality." Pierre Cabanne, Plexus: "The Last Will and Testament of the father of modern art."

It is with great pride, therefore, and humility, that the editors of AVANT-GARDE announce that their magazine has been chosen as the medium through which Picasso's monumental new work will be shown to the world. Picasso's Paris representative, the Societe de la Propriete Artistique, has appointed AVANT-GARDE as the sole proscenium for presentation of the quintessence of "347 Gravures." Mindful of the awesome responsibility that this singular honor imposes, the editors of AVANT-GARDE have spared neither expense nor effort to ensure that "347 Gravures" receives the premiere it deserves.

To begin with, an entire issue of AVANT-GARDE—64 pages—will be devoted exclusively to this one subject. The issue will carry no advertising. The world's foremost graphic designer, Herb Lubalin, has been retained to design this special issue. Costly antique paper stocks and flame-set colored inks will be used throughout. The issue will be printed by time-consuming duotone offset lithography and will be bound in 12-point Frankote boards, for permanent preservation. All in all, this lavishly produced issue of AVANT-GARDE will more closely resemble an expensive art folio than a magazine. The editors of AVANT-GARDE are determined that their presentation of the quintessence of Picasso's "347 Gravures" will be a landmark not only in the history of art, but in publishing, as well.

Copies of this special collector's edition of AVANT-GARDE will not be offered for sale to the general public. They are being given away—*free*—as a gift to all new subscribers to AVANT-GARDE.

In case you've never heard of AVANT-GARDE, let us explain that it is the most beautiful—and daring—magazine in America today. Although launched only two years ago, already it has earned a reputation as *the* outstanding showcase for the exhibition of creative talent. This reputation stems from AVANT-GARDE's editorial policy of *complete and absolute freedom of creative expression*. AVANT-GARDE steadfastly refuses to sacrifice creative genius on the altar of "morality" (the motto of the magazine is "Down with bluenoses, blue laws, and blue pencils"). Thus, the world's most gifted artists, writers, and photographers continually bring to AVANT-GARDE their most uninhibited—and inspired—works. AVANT-GARDE serves—consistently—as a haven for the painting that is "too daring," the novella that is "too outrageous," the poem that is "too sensuous," the cartoon that is "too satirical," the reportage that is "too graphic," the opinion that is "too candid," the photograph that is "too explicit." AVANT-GARDE is proud of its reputation as the wild game sanctuary of American arts and letters.

In addition to Picasso, contributors to AVANT-GARDE include such renowned figures as Norman Mailer, Arthur Miller, Kenneth Tynan, Dan Greenburg, Allen Ginsberg, Paul Krassner, Dr. Karl Menninger, Andy Warhol, Eliot Elisofon, Richard Avedon, John Updike, Roald Dahl, Art Kane, Charles Schulz, Bert Stern, Yevgeny Yevtushenko, S.J. Perelman, James Baldwin, Alan Watts, Salvador Dali, Terry Southern, Isaac Bashevis Singer, William Burroughs, Paul Goodman, Kenneth Rexroth, Jean Genet, and Marshall McLuhan.

Critics everywhere have spent themselves in a veritable orgy of praise over AVANT-GARDE. "Reality freaks, unite! Weird buffs, rejoice! AVANT-GARDE has arrived bearing mind-treasures of major proportions," says the San Francisco Chronicle. "AVANT-GARDE is guaranteed to shake the cobwebs out of the mind," says the Los Angeles Herald-Examiner. "An exotic literary menu...A wild new thing on the New York scene," says Encounter. "AVANT-GARDE is aimed at readers of superior intelligence and cultivated taste who are interested in the arts, politics, science—and sex," says The New York Times. "The fantastic artwork, alone, is worth the price of the magazine," says the News Project. "A field manual by the avant-garde, for the avant-garde," says New York critic Robert Reisner. "AVANT-GARDE's articles on cinema, rock, and the New Scene are a stoned groove," says the East Village Other. "Off-beat, arty, sexy," says the New York Daily News. "It's the sawn-off shotgun of American critical writing," says the New Statesman. "Its graphics are stylish," says TIME. "AVANT-GARDE is MAGAZINE POWER!" says poet Harold Seldes. "Wow! What a ferris wheel! I was high for a week after reading it," says the pop critic of Cavalier.

Subscriptions to AVANT-GARDE ordinarily cost $10 per year. In conjunction with this special Picasso erotic engravings offer, however, we are offering ten-month introductory subscriptions for *ONLY $5!* This is virtually *HALF PRICE!!* To enter your subscription (five issues)—*and obtain a copy of the Picasso erotic engravings folio ABSOLUTELY FREE*—simply fill out the coupon below and mail it with $5 to: AVANT-GARDE, 110 W. 40 St., New York, N.Y. 10018.

But please hurry, since quantities of the Picasso folio are limited and this offer may be withdrawn without notice.

Then sit back and prepare to receive a subscription bonus par excellence, and your first copy of an exuberant new magazine that is equally devoted to the love of art and the art of life.

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